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DIAL NOW

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !

BUM PLAY

I think we are beginning to find the measure of El Blotto, our newly acquired Caledonian kamikaze of an Assistant Ediot. How so? Consider for a moment the photograph shown here of Elsbeth. That is her with the light brown hair and the white stockings, sensually easing the knickers down over her inordinately smooth, firm buttocks. What has our intrepid staffer to say about this transport of delight? The false window behind her reminds him of the now defunct television programme *Play School*, that's what. Nice to know our chaps have their minds on the job, isn't it?

WELL UPHOLSTERED

I suppose you could say it was a case of, 'sofa so good' for this month's Amateur Model, Denise Harris. That's her, half-wearing something white and scanty, while getting her head down on a convenient settee. Perhaps this is the result of a pre-shoot session down at the Grievous Bodily Arms, an inn of ill repute, where even the carbonated spring water packs a kick like a mule's; or perchance it has simply sunk in just how unglamorous a 'glamour' photographer can be. We shall never know, but then modelling for Knave is one of few jobs no-one minds you lying down on.

HUNTING GIRL

Well, this makes a change, it's not often I'm privileged enough to see pictures of El Gutto's pets, although I do know he has shown his snake to many a model. I know all about Gutto's predilection for 'jungle' furniture, even Dawn has had to sit on his bamboo chairs during one of his dubious 'interviews'. As for Dawn having to come from the US to dress – or undress – like that . . . Nonsense, several members of the Fiesta staff can be regularly seen in ladies, clothes at all the best London nightspots.

TOUCH-UP JOB

Our 'air-brushing artiste (pubic 'air, that is), calls herself Leanne, and leans towards paintings of the modern school. Sadly, our revered Editor (the visual media's equivalent of illiterate,) somehow got it into his compact mind that Pop Art was something to do with a girl allowing paint to be rubbed into her tits by a man old enough to be her father. Leanne's brush off led to El Gutto retiring hurt, with something akin to a cleft palette while she continued in her experiments aimed at adding Pudenda Pink to the classical selection of hues and lakes in her paintbox.

SEEING THE LIGHT

It's often easier, as far as simple-minded Assistant Editors go, to write about a piece of the set, than to write about the girl who rests her well-formed curves against it. This is proved by El Blotto's latest masterpiece, simply entitled, Julette. Sounds suspiciously like a brand of razor, and I'd believe it was deliberate, if El Blotto had reached an age which meant he needed to shave more than twice a month. Anyway, in this fine piece of literature, we're assured that if the set of Julette is carefully scrutinised, the reader will be able to spot El Gutto prancing daintily in the background. What is Blotto trying to do? I thought the idea was to *encourage* people to look at the girls, not give them a reason to turn the pages! If I was a more foolish man, I'd suggest that he was trying some very nifty reverse psychology on us. Thankfully, I'm not that foolish at all.

Girl CHAT

GOING UNDER

Working for Knave frequently has the effect of sending models into a state of slight mental distress, I am afraid to say, and occasionally right off their rockers. As a prime example of a girl thrown into confusion by meeting what seemed to be a trained baboon in the corridor, and learning that it was in fact our Art Editor, witness the photographs of Ellen. Yes, she does indeed appear to be washing her hair in a swimming pool, though whether she is simultaneously measuring her intercostal distances, or just trying the 'pinch an inch' test, I cannot be sure. Apparently, her synaptic reflexes were later put to the test, when she was exposed to a naked Fiesta editor and burst into hysterical laughter. A doctor writes: "This is perfectly normal . . . "

ARTISTIC DEMANDS

The other girl making a repeat appearance in this month's issue is Clarice. I vaguely recall the Assistant Ediot rambling on about bee's eyesight in the last blurb. This time, however, he's come down to Earth, to reveal that Clarice's second appearance in so short a time is due to the intervention of the Art Editor. It's probably one of the best decisions he's made this year, Art Editors not being known for their forward-thinking expertise. So, we once again have an opportunity to admire Clarice, this time clad in some rather natty black lingerie. I must say, I'm surprised El Blotto didn't bother to mention the chair. After all, with his in-depth knowledge of furniture and antiques – the word 'old' being number one in his vocabulary – he could surely have waxed lyrical aobut a mere chair. They don't call him the Arthur Negus of Knave for nothing . . . in fact they don't call him that at all.

VIDEO COMPETITION

This month sees the release on video of Medusa Communications' *Maniac Cop,* and El Barfo, our sometimes conscious video reviewer, has arranged another of his celebrated competitions to coincide with the event. There are ten copies of the tape on offer, and for the first five correct entries out of the bag there is the additional prize of an embroidered *Maniac Cop* shirt each. Chief Constables need not enter.

The film follows the efforts of a New York detective to track down a giant police officer, or someone dressed as one, who is roaming the city committing a brutal series of murders (for a full review see this issue's Viewfinder section), and to win your shirts and/or copies of the video all you have to do is answer the following three simple questions about other famous screen cops:

1) The 1949 film *The Blue Lamp* featured: a) Inspector Maigret, b) PC Dixon, c) DS Watt?
2) The detective in the wheelchair was: a) Ironside, b) Longstreet, c) Hightower?
3) The 1964 film *A Shot In The Dark* featured: a) Van der Valk, b) Columbo, c) Clouseau?

Send your entries to Cop Competition, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. The closing date is June 16th 1989. The Editor's decision, even if it involves drawing the winning entries from his latex long johns, is final.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

1)..

2)..

3)..

PENPOWER

Party Animal

Up until recently, I hadn't been out for some time, so I was easily persuaded to go to a friend's 21st birthday party. When I arrived, the door was opened by the shapeliest woman I've ever laid eyes on. Long slim legs led up to a tiny white mini-skirt, which showed just a fraction of her panties. Her breasts were not huge, but larger than average, and her nipples made tiny impressions on her silk blouse. But what really caught my attention were her eyes; they seemed to look right inside me, and know exactly what I was thinking.

"Come in," she said, and slid back into the room. I was greeted by the sight of a 21st birthday party in full swing. Within seconds there was a drink in my hand and I was engrossed in the fun. After a while, I started looking round the room, and spotted the girl who'd opened the door for me. She was with her friends, who were all giggling and glancing over at me, then whispering in each others ears. At the time I just put it down to a wind-up.

Trying my best to ignore them, I carried on having fun. After a short time, I looked back across to see the girl, alone now, still staring at me. As I watched, she parted her legs slightly revealing her panties, then to my amazement, she gently pulled them aside, giving me a brief flash of her black pubes!

Surprisingly, nobody else seemed to have seen her, and I almost crashed my way across the room to get to her. She introduced herself as Sadie, and, after giving my name, I attempted a line in small talk, although I was much too busy thinking about what I had just seen. Staring at her beautiful thighs, I began to fantasize about what could happen later. I felt my cock swell, as my thoughts homed in on her thighs. She noticed almost immediately. "So you like me then," she joked.

I felt awkward, and tried to recover the conversation. Sadie smiled, and rested her hand on my straining prick; it nearly burst out of its confines! Her touch was so light, that even that simple action was loaded with sensuality. With her other hand, she took mine and rested it on her thigh. It was like an oven between her legs, a powerhouse cunt, baking the air around it. I began to rub it gently, and she responded by fondling me through my trousers.

I could see the situation becoming too much for a crowded room. I led her outside and down the garden to the old summer house I knew of. She lay down on one of the long wooden benches, her skirt hitched up to reveal her tiny panties.

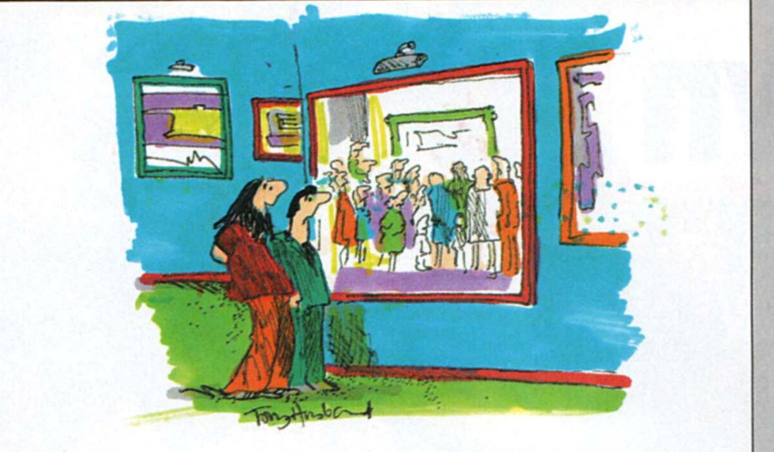
I went over and we kissed deeply, our tongues reaching and probing, our lips on fire. As we kissed, I removed her blouse, and then the half cup bra which thrust her breasts upwards. Breaking the kiss, she began to gasp as I sucked at her left nipple. It rose towards me, and I nibbled it gently with my teeth. With my hand, I fondled and tweaked her other nipple, while her hands roamed down my back and her breathing became heavier.

My hand crept across her, caressing her flat stomach. I reached for the inside of her thigh and began to rub slowly. She let out little moans as my hand approached her sopping panties. I pulled away the tiny piece of material to reveal her pubic bush, glistening with juices. Reaching for her cunt, I probed for, and found her hot, swollen clitoris. I rolled my fingers across it, making Sadie twist and moan. Her cunt lips tightened, and more moisture oozed out as she came with a deep, throaty sigh.

Recovering her breath, Sadie pulled away from my mouth, and knelt on the floor in front of me. She undid my trousers, and took off my briefs to reveal my rock hard dick. Pulling back my foreskin, she placed my hot, red glans in her mouth. As she sucked the bulb, she wanked the rest of my length with a vigour I've never experienced before. Soon, I felt my balls

► 33

> "I felt my cock swell, as my thoughts homed in on her thighs."

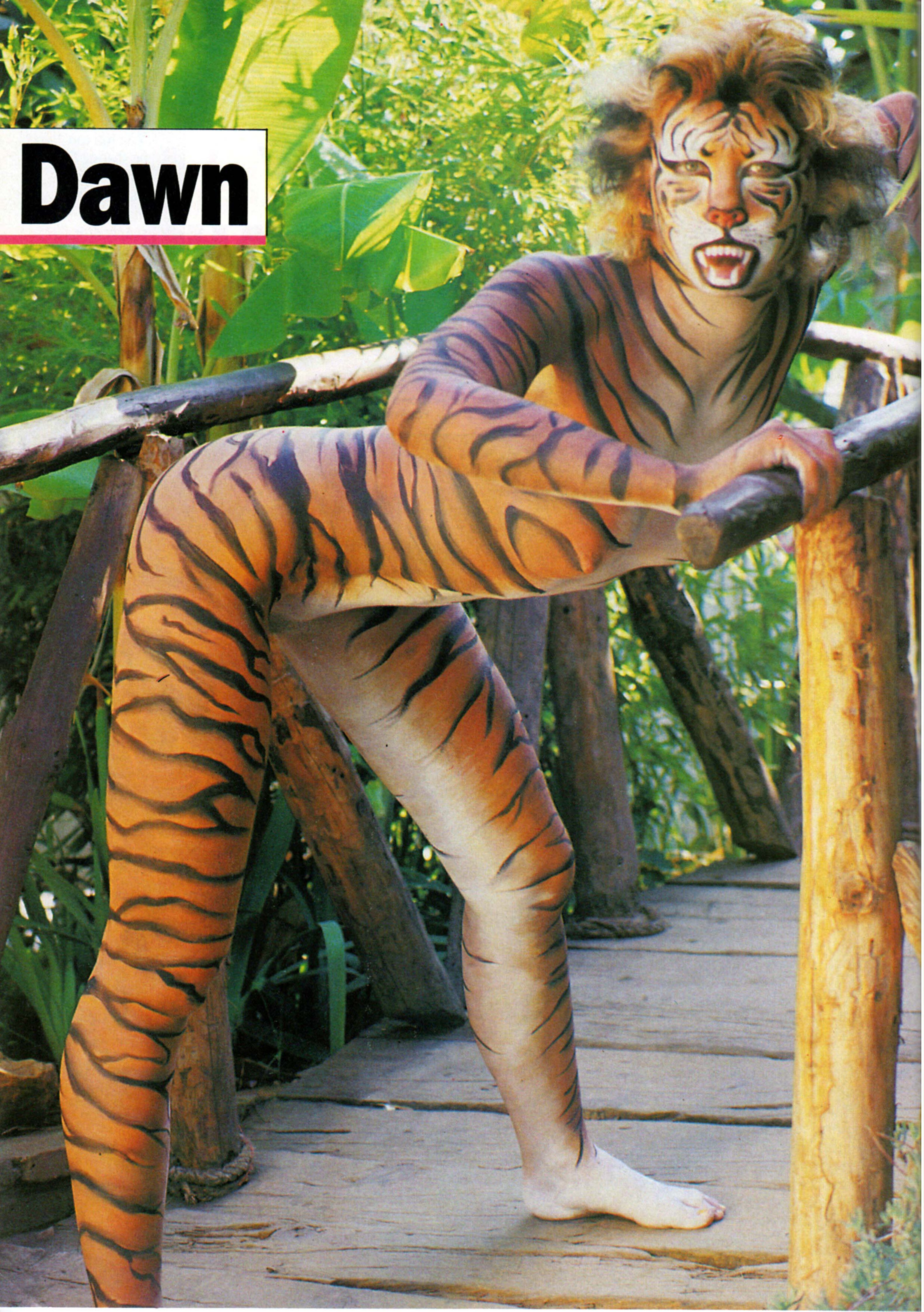


"I call this one — Crowd Looking At One Of My Paintings."

You too can be sharing the secret of your success with the masses — simply drop us a line (neatly please!) to: Penpower, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. We pay £5 for every torrid tale we print and a whopping £50 for the best of the bunch. Don't delay — get it all down today!

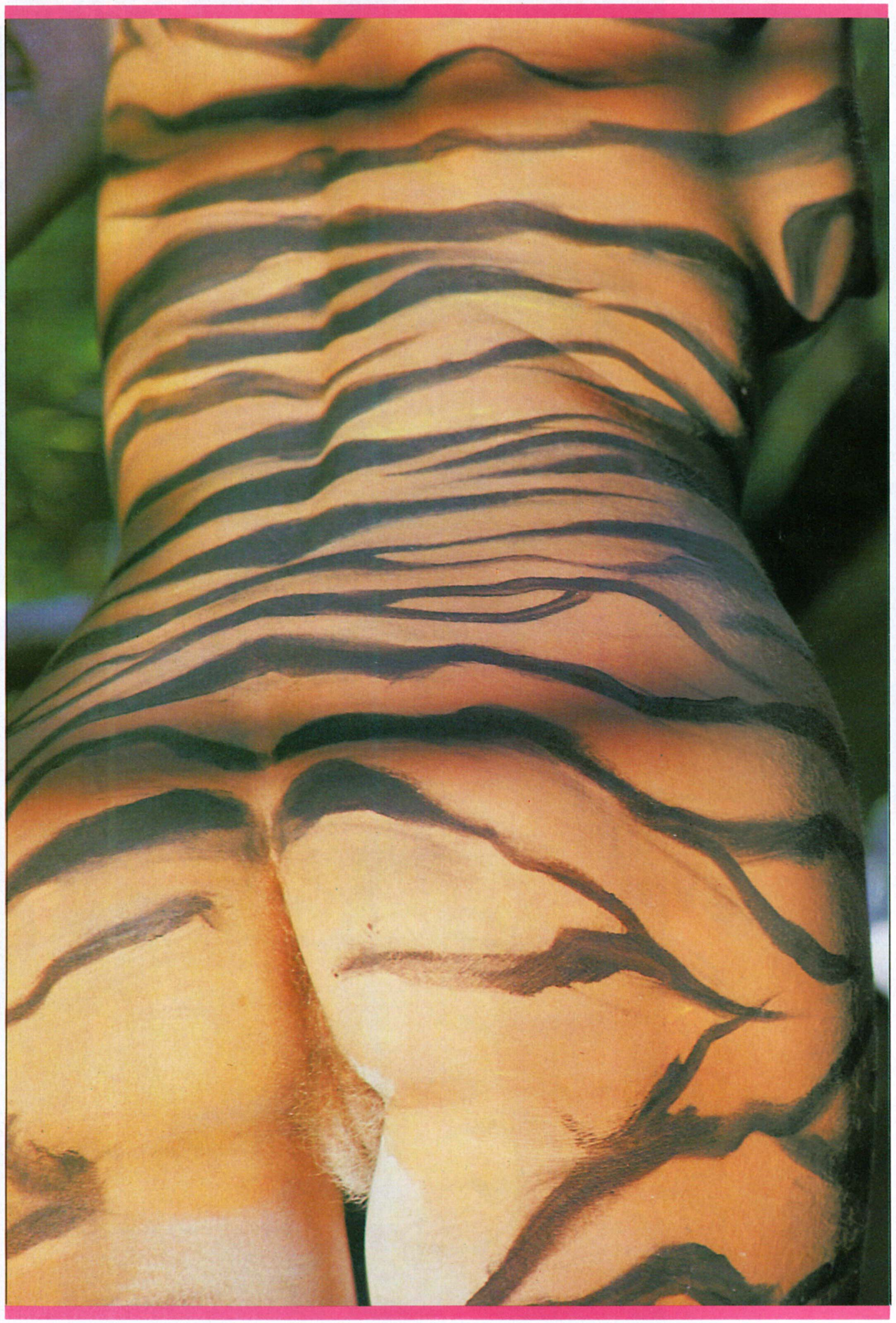
If there's one question we're always being asked, it's, **'Are the letters real?'** They're real, all right. Only the names, places and dates have been changed, and that's to preserves anonymity.

Dawn



My mother warned me about painted ladies when I was a youngster. I'm glad I didn't pay her any attention. The human advert for Dulux is called Dawn, and hails from California. Well, she'd have to really, it's the only place where she wouldn't look out of place, except with El Gutto the gross Editor's 'Tarzan' bedroom furnishings, of course. It doesn't usually take much to bring out the animal in El Gutto, but this set proved too much. Fortunately, this time a vet was at hand to administer a tranquiliser dart....

Photographed by Annika Bell



GT-FOUR PLAY!

Heard the one about the bloke who stuck a 'cat' up the exhaust pipe of his Toyota? It sure beats the hell out of the old poodle and microwave gag . . . CRISPIN 'Follow that Camel' PARTRIDGE goes pussyfooting in a Toyota Celica GT-Four.

You can't help but admire a motor importer which bucks a trend, or goes out on a limb by introducing a machine it knows will only ever sell in small numbers. Be fair, dear reader — it doesn't happen that often. If nothing else, you could hardly accuse such an outfit of 'following the herd' the way car companies usually do.

Toyota GB showed just such non-conformist resolve when it launched the GT-Four. The 'Four' was — and is — one interesting mammajammer. It goes well and looks like a sporting coupé should. But aside from any aesthetic or auto-visceral merit, it was also the first UK-spec. car to be fitted with an exhaust-linked catalytic converter. Now, catalysts are great things but they do demand an exclusive supply of unleaded (UL) fuel — the stuff you see a lot of in Germany and Scandinavia but which isn't quite so easy to find over here. In other words, Toyota were bringing

in a model that owners might not always be able to find fuel for!

The reason for so strict a diet is simple: besides having been identified by medical experts as, "contributing to certain problems affecting the development of young children" (eek!), the lead in normal 4-star fouls up or, 'poisons' the components found in the torpedo-shaped 'cat.' To put that into the basest vernacular, lead sucks. Yet despite the health risks (compounded by 'dirty' British car exhausts pumping out 3,000 tonnes of the muck every year), it's a fact that when the Surrey-based importer introduced the car back in the Spring of 1988, there were only 500 or so unleaded sites in the whole of the UK. Toyota's was a brave move by any standard.

It is for this reason that Toyota GB supplies all cars with a special 5.0 litre fuel can. The thing is located in the boot and acts as an insurance policy in case the car's tank runs dry while travelling in hostile (well, leaded only) territory. Not exactly the most convenient of solutions of course — you lose a great wodge of luggage space just for starters — but the situation can only get better. It has to, by law. Otherwise our masters in the European Parliament will be chomping the greasy heads off selected British Members . . . Ahem.

For the record, EEC-led legislation demands that unleaded be, 'widely available' by the Autumn of this year. By October 1990, all new cars sold in this country will have to be able to run on the fuel. That's every last supermini, repmobile and masterblaster tart trap. To help get the message across, both the AA (0836 401525) and the RAC (021 430 7392) have set up special national phone lines. They are there to advise punters whether their own particular cars are capable or guzzling low-lead gas — or not as the case may be. At the same time, the oil companies and some of the car boys are bending over backwards to destroy some of the myths about UL, though even now there is a lot of confusion as to which motors can actually live on the new fuel. This is epitomised by the recent report of a bloke in Surrey who phoned his local dealer to find out whether his Audi 200 Turbo diesel could run on the stuff! Er, no. You're sort of, er, missing the point pal...

But enough of the sermons. What about the psycho-sexual macho motor stuff? The Japanese company's hot-to-trot torpedo is well into this sort of malarkey — and it shows. Visual pointers give the game away. With its smooth, fared in nose and sleek skirted flanks there is no mistaking this Toyota as a serious contender in the junior supercar (Starion/RX7/Corrado) class. It's a smart looking toy. Better than that, the 'Four' is put together with the kind of precision and attention to detail not necessarily expected of a volume manufacturer. All the panels join up as they were designed to do. There are no gaps, no pigfoot assembly. And the paintwork does not have the consistency of grapefruit rind. It's a good omen.

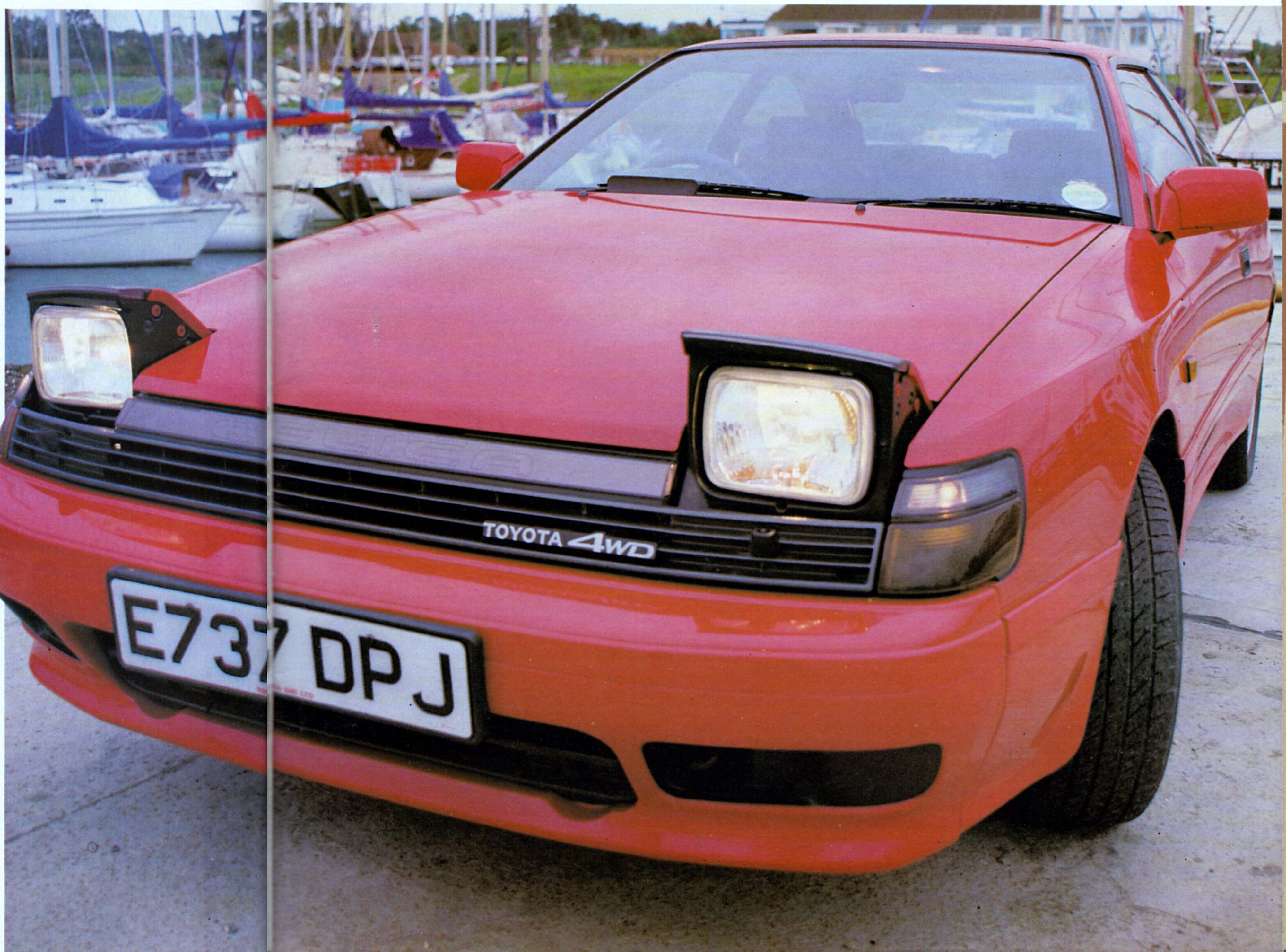
Under the beautifully finished fruit-free bonnet — the living bits. Or, for the non-technically minded, two litres of doings brewing up a heady 182 Broken Horses' Poopers. Toyota call it the 3S-GTE. You can call it 'Sir.' The unit is basically derived from the normally aspirated 16-valve fuel-injected gem found in the excellent Celica GT. Twin overhead camshafts and a turbocharger with water intercooler complete the picture. Those familiar with the advanced nature of Toyota enginometry will know exactly what to expect: plenty of attention to noise levels and mechanical imbalances, a good pair of lungs at the upper end of the rev scale. And torque squirting from every orifice. Some 184lb ft at just over 3000K revs. Grunt without grump. Hot dog.

Getting this kind of brawn down onto the road is never easy. With anything more than about 160bhp on tap, the tendency is for the driven wheels to squirm under hard throttling with the car losing all pretence of traction. Toyota's answer is to fit full time four-wheel-drive with a viscous coupling controlling the central differential. Engine power is initially transmitted via the light but by no means exemplary five-speed gearbox to the centre diff. It is then fed to the front wheels through the front differential and to the rear axle through a complex set-up involving a transfer gear, prop shaft and rear differential.

"TWO LITRES OF DOINGS, GIVING 200 BROKEN HORSES POOPERS."

Putting that into everyday gobbledyspeak, it is the centre diff's task to balance variations in speed between front and rear axles when cornering or covering a particularly slippery route. It's a handy bit of kit to have aboard. Without the viscous coup, the drivetrain would be subject to all manner of internal forces which wouldn't exactly do a lot for driving comfort. Think of a racehorse on rollerskates. In other words, the natty Jap doesn't slide its shapely carcass at the merest hint of provocation. You can boot the thing into an aggressive right-hander, and still come out with a gleam on your dentures.

And booting the car is indeed what it's all about. A top speed in excess of 135mph, nought to sixty acceleration in well under 8.0secs, and 100mph from standstill in only a little over twenty two are feats hardly justifying expressions like 'slouch' and 'sluggard.' No, the way we see it, GT-Four is just a little too pampered, too progressive for its own good. There are, for example, none of the red-blooded racer pyrotechnics encountered in raw meat rivals like the Lancia Integrale and Ford's Cossie. It is almost as if the turbocharger was designed for fitment to a larger, lustier power pack — which in a sense it was, being derived from that installed originally in the 3.0 litre Supra Turbo



(launched here in the UK last Autumn).

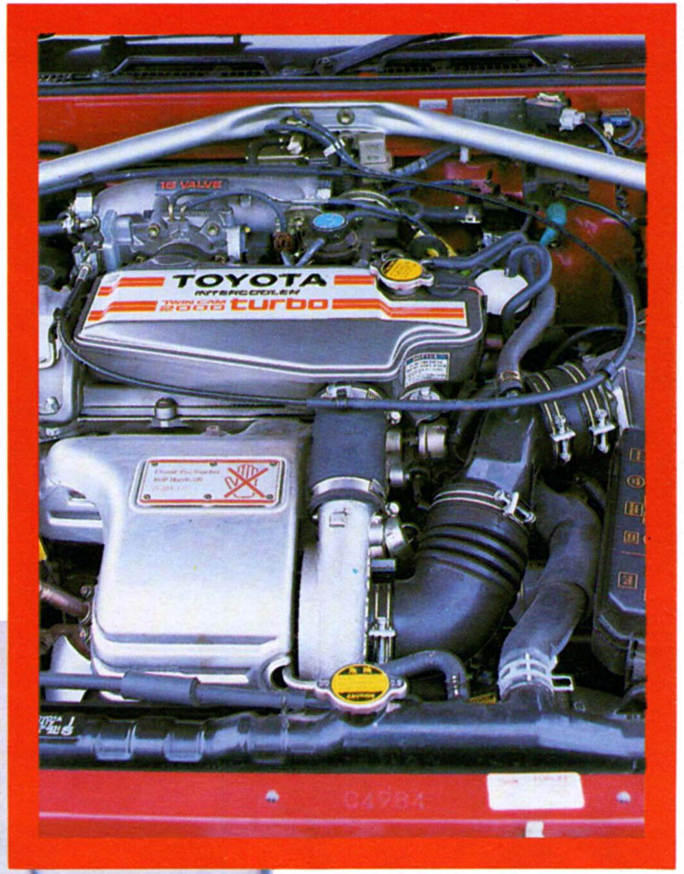
With the Celica, urge builds steadily through the power band and climaxes powerfully at the top end, but you can forget the whack in the head typical of most forced induction engines: this Toyota's punch is concealed in an infinitely well-padded, almost cossetting, glove. When it comes, the final result is the same — knockout performance. We'd hazard a guess that this is more a case of USA-orientated marketing men triumphing over knowing Japanese engineers, than of a seasoned practitioner like Toyota losing touch with the barnstorm and vigour which make for a true driver's car. Whatever the case, the Celica only really disappoints if your requirements are for a rough edge to your hotrod. It's fast, but it certainly isn't furious.

The ride experienced from the cockpit of this 28cwt machine is about as supple as you want from a slingshot sportster, the result of judicious use of struts at each corner and thicker anti-roll bars than are found on the 'humble' GT variant. Minor road surface damage does come through at lower speeds but it's nothing to write home about. The obvious corollary to the stiffer-than-average underpinning is handling that is crisper than Nightmare on Elm Street Freddy's face. With its minimal body roll, absolutely phenomenal cornering verve and impeccable road manners, the 'Four' has to rank as one of the zippiest supercar bargains around. We'd certainly be tempted to buy given half a chance and a bagful of fivers — or a cheque for £21,000 (roughly the GT's asking price).

This sort of money buys some pretty terrific brakes, too, you may be pleased to know. Vacuum assisted all-round discs with the now obligatory ABS, stop the projectile in sophisticated style, but show little of the vagueness usually associated with electronic anti-skids. It's all good stuff, though some of the edge is taken off our GT-Four's sporting cred by the inappropriate wooliness of its power assisted rack and pinion steering. It's the vaguest system we've come across since the set-up found in the Honda-engined Rover 827s.

Why on earth the eternally resourceful Japanese can't come up with power steering which gives the driver a genuine idea as to what the car is doing we simply do not know. The GT-Four's certainly doesn't signpost the chassis's condition. For this reason alone, the full extent of the Toyota's quite remarkable deportment when powering into bends may well go unexploited by the likes of the average motorist.

Further investigation below the waist reveals a goodly quotient of soles: Japanese-manufactured Dunlop SP Sports (205/60 section and VR rated) spliced to some very attractive alloy rimwork. That's something you don't find on a common-or-garden GT 'Sleeker'. The only other visual discriminators between this and a 'cheapskate's' two-drive model are the road hugging front air dam, side skirts which hang low and wide from the 'Four's' flanks, and a revised front grille treatment. There are also fairly discreet '4WD', and 'Turbo 4WD' stickers affixed to the beast's anatomy at strategically placed intervals.



"0-60 IN UNDER 8.0 SECONDS, HARDLY JUSTIFYING EXPRESSIONS LIKE 'SLOUCH'."

It may not seem much for an extra £5000, but inside, of course, it's a different story. The extra pennies mean all the bits. Electro windows, hands-off mirrors and a power roof hole. And plastic. Acres of the stuff. Some good, some not so good. Some that would give Airfix kits a bad name. And some which is just good enough to make a humble 'scribbler' wish that Toyota could at least be consistant with their synthetics. Otherwise the cockpit is no bad place to spend an afternoon. Added to which, there's room for a fat foursome, some great instruments, a hide- bound steering wheel and the usual no-nonsense Japanese switchgear.

It is all very smart and comfortable with adjustable seats and impressive visibility. At the end of the day, it may even be worth sitting through the inquisition from the Bank Manager or the three hour means test and intimate body search from your wealthy mum-in-law as you attempt to raise the funds necessary to position said projectile on your driveway. The bloke next door to the Partridge household certainly reckons so: he took one look at the gleaming Mica Red rocketship and pronounced himself head over heels in love. In absolute terms, the Celica GT-Four is very nearly a very fine driver's car indeed. Put that another way, but for the soft undertones to steering and outright 'poke', you could imagine yourself having one serious quota of jollies in Toyota's 'Green Express'. Express yourself. It's called having your cake and eating it...

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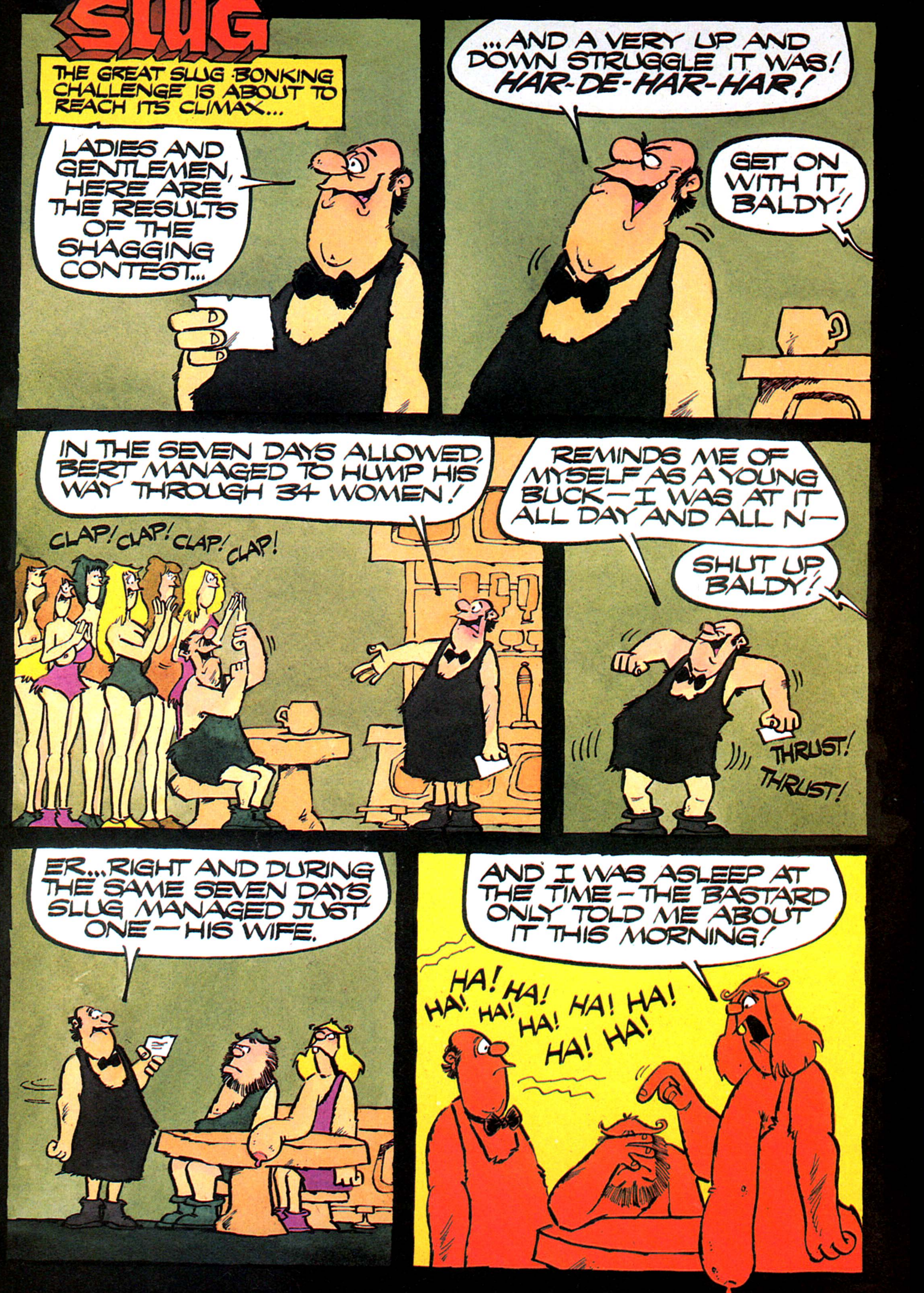
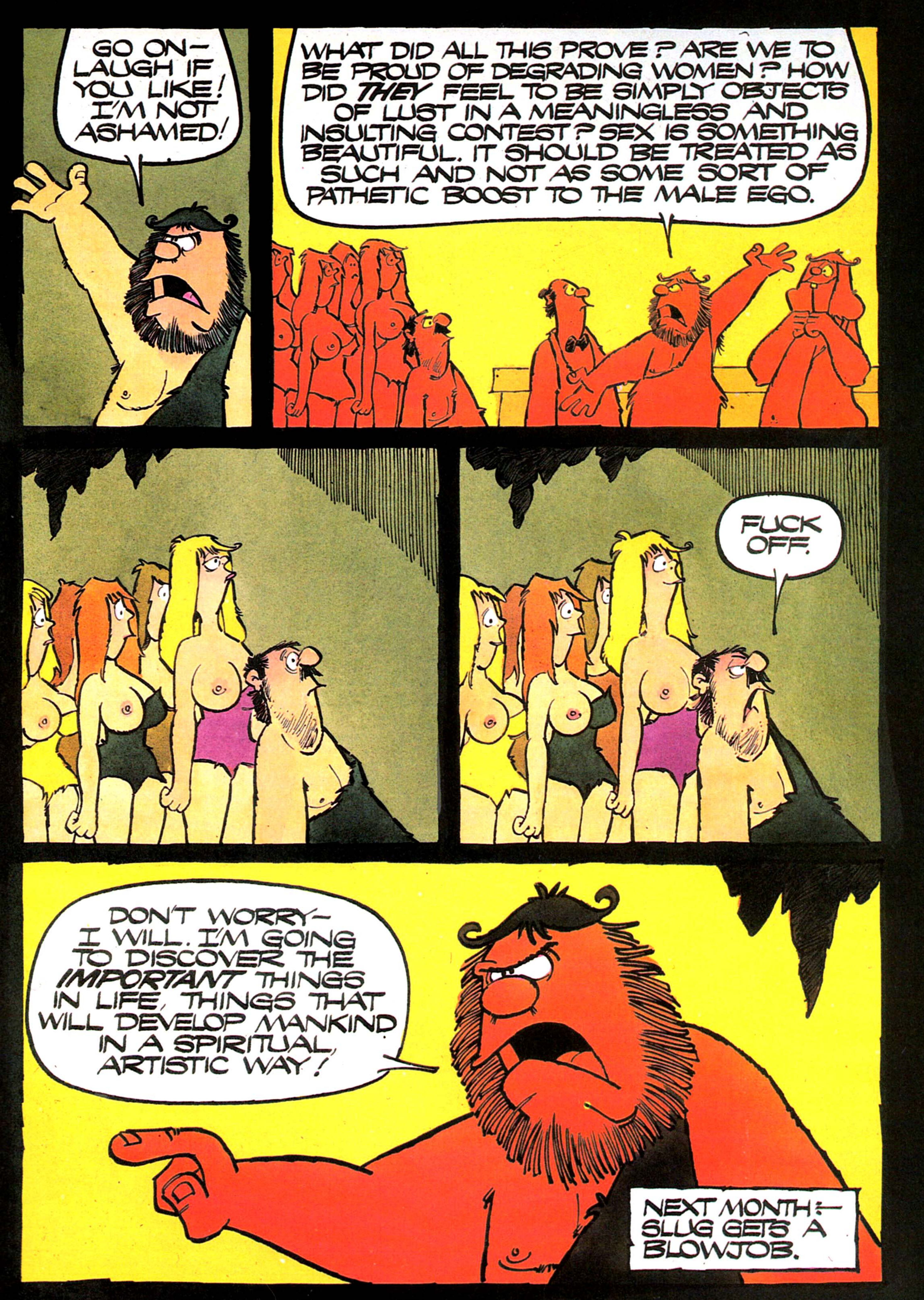
NIGHTWEAR SHOULD BE KEPT AWAY FROM FIRE.

Do you remember Play School? Yes, that's right. Brian Cant, Big Ted, Little Ted, and that ugly bastard of a doll, Hambel. What the fuck is he on about, you all shout? Well, just take a look at the window behind Elsbeth. Arched, isn't it? Not a million miles away from, "through the arched window". Okay, so it's an obscure link, I'll grant you. But when you were a kid, wouldn't it have been nice to have popped into the wendy house and played with a doll like Elsbeth? Especially if she was wearing that kind of lingerie. It certainly would've been fun to partake in some Humpty Dumpty . . .

ELSBETH

Photographed by
Daniel Mayor


SLUG
THE GREAT SLUG BONKING CHALLENGE IS ABOUT TO REACH ITS CLIMAX...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE SHAGGING CONTEST...
...AND A VERY UP AND DOWN STRUGGLE IT WAS! *HAR-DE-HAR-HAR!*
GET ON WITH IT BALDY!
IN THE SEVEN DAYS ALLOWED, BERT MANAGED TO HUMP HIS WAY THROUGH 34 WOMEN!
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
REMINDS ME OF MYSELF AS A YOUNG BUCK — I WAS AT IT ALL DAY AND ALL N—
SHUT UP BALDY!
THRUST! THRUST!
ER... RIGHT AND DURING THE SAME SEVEN DAYS, SLUG MANAGED JUST ONE — HIS WIFE.
AND I WAS ASLEEP AT THE TIME — THE BASTARD ONLY TOLD ME ABOUT IT THIS MORNING!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!


GO ON — LAUGH IF YOU LIKE! I'M NOT ASHAMED!
WHAT DID ALL THIS PROVE? ARE WE TO BE PROUD OF DEGRADING WOMEN? HOW DID *THEY* FEEL TO BE SIMPLY OBJECTS OF LUST IN A MEANINGLESS AND INSULTING CONTEST? SEX IS SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL. IT SHOULD BE TREATED AS SUCH AND NOT AS SOME SORT OF PATHETIC BOOST TO THE MALE EGO.
FUCK OFF.
DON'T WORRY — I WILL. I'M GOING TO DISCOVER THE *IMPORTANT* THINGS IN LIFE, THINGS THAT WILL DEVELOP MANKIND IN A SPIRITUAL, ARTISTIC WAY!
NEXT MONTH: — SLUG GETS A BLOWJOB.

Welcome To...

Valentine's Bedside Companions

Your Guarantee to sexual happiness!

1. AMBUSH. Sexual Attractant laced with pheromones...a concentrated formula that will make beautiful women go wild with desire! **JUST £14.95. CODE #12377.**

2. HEAT WAVE. This warming body lotion will send waves of tantalizing heat throughout every part of your body. 4 Oz. Tube WILD STRAWBERRY flavor. **CODE #14464. ONLY £7.95.**

3. KONG DONG. INCREDIBLE. It's 14'' LONG and a full 3'' THICK to give any woman that feeling of total satisfaction. **CODE #01185 £18.95.**

4. SUPER DONG. 9'' LONG 3'' THICK—Fill her to the brim with life-like and flexible larger-than-life lady taming dong! **CODE #02487 £7.75.**

5. G SPOT VIBE. Scientifically designed vibe has special shape to probe and stimulate the G-spot for super orgasms. **CODE #07949 £13.95.**

6. MR. SOFTEE FILL 'ER UP. It's here...all the features you love best! 9'' long and 2'' thick—combines the life-like feel of Mr. Softee and the thick juicy features of Fill 'Er Up. **CODE #12989 £16.95.**

7. CLIMACTOR VIBE. Watch this one drive her into a fit of passion! With sensational probing ticklers that will make her pussy shudder. **CODE #13458 £14.95.**

8. BLACK MAMBA. A FULL 8'' THICK OF THROBBING MEAT! This marvelous monument of manhood will bring out the animal within her. **CODE #11776 £15.95.**

9. 10'' VIBRATING DONG. This massive "bigger than life" vibrating dong will give her exactly what she wants when she wants it! She'll be begging you for more! **CODE #05536 £12.25.**

10. EXTRA LARGE STRAP ON WITH CLITORAL STIMULATOR. For those who like a little variety in their love making, this love shaft will give your lover hours of thrusting pleasure! **CODE #14985. JUST £9.95.**

11. FILL 'ER UP. Thick, juicy and textured like a real cock. Has clit bumpers for added pleasure! **CODE #05199 £13.55.**

12. BIG BOY NEO EXTENSION. It's a full 8'' long and 1½'' wide! Slip this fabulous sleeve over your cock and give her the ride of her life! **CODE #04002 £16.95.**

13. FORESKIN. 7'' long and 2 full inches thick with a foreskin that really rolls back to reveal the soft probing head. She'll think it's you! **CODE #04707 £14.95.**

14. INVADER. Specially tapered head for easy insertion with a stimulating love-button shaft—should not be missed! **CODE #05355 £8.35.**

15. EXTAS-X. For a trouble-free jerk-off, this one does it all! It SUCKS, PUMPS & VIBRATES TO REALLY GET YOUR HOT ROCKS OFF! **CODE #07120 £27.50.**

16. SLIPPERY STUFF. Luxurious water-based lubricant specially formulated for long lasting lubrication. 8 Fl. Oz. **Only £9.95. CODE #10926.**

17. MR. SOFTEE STRAP-ON. Real-feel lifelike strap-on extension. Can be used WITHOUT an erection...soft for comfort, yet firm for penetrating stiffness! **CODE #15172 £19.95.**

18. UNIVERSAL COCK RING. The battery's already in the "clit-stimulating" bumper and the adjustable ring keeps you harder! **CODE #02712 £15.95.**

19. PHEROMONE MASSAGE CREME. This unique Body Massage Creme is enriched with PHEROMONES to combine the best of two senses—touch and smell! **CODE #13557 £6.95.**

20. ENDROS. NEW EXTRA STRENGTH—attracts girls like an aromatic magnet! One whiff of this magical cologne will make their pussies percolate with pulsating pleasure! FULL 2 Fl. Oz. **CODE #00475 £9.75.**

21. MR. STIFF. If you want to keep going for long enough to satisfy even the horniest woman, just spray this special Super Substance on your cock and become a legend. ½ Oz. **CODE #08037 £6.95.**

22. MAXIMUS. Maximize your penis potential with this amazing creme. The secret is the CAPSICUM ingredient... she'll never know how you keep going! **CODE #08575 £5.25.**

23. SEX SUGAR. Yes, you've heard about it and how it can make a woman crazy with the need for a stiff cock! **CODE #08243 £4.50.**

24. BLAST. Blast her into SUPER orgasms! Just a drop or two of "BLAST on her clit and away she'll go. **CODE #00348 £5.50.**

25. TWIN TAMER. A Vibrator/Clitoral Stimulator All in One! One end buzzes away at her pussy while the other plunges and prods deep inside the partner! **CODE #10132 £15.95.**

26. DOUBLE DONG Lets two play fo the price of one—feels real & bends to fit them both perfectly from any angle! **CODE #06282 £15.95.**

27. MR. SOFTEE. Firm yet supple, a new "rubber-like" material gives Mr. Softee the feel of a real cock. Comes in a VIBRATING VERSION too. REGUL MR. SOFTEE **CODE #12276 £8.95.** VIBRATING MR. SOFTEE **CODE #122 £12.95.**

28. REAL PUSSY. This unbelievable pleasure-giver is so REAL, so incredib soft and moist—vibrates, strokes up a down and EVEN squeezes down on you cock! **CODE #05433 Only £49.95.**

29. EXPLORER. Designed to be firm, but giving—truly for our more liberated lovers. 7½'' long and 1½'' in diamete **CODE #14993 £7.95.**

30. DELUXE WATER PROBE. The u mate in sexual stimulation! Just fill the sleeve with hot water, and enjoy "riding on throbbing waves of pleasure! **CODE #22990 £7.95.**

31. POCKET PUSS. You'll never "jer off" alone when you have this persona provider...it takes you in, vibes you up and squeezes you empty all at once. **CODE #01313 £23.95.**

HEATHER'S HEART
The ultimate female stimulator for the woman who demands the best. Beautifully made of supple soft pink love ticklers that vibrate and probe her innermost parts! **Code #14720 £18.95.**

MOUTH OF MOTION
This incredible masturbator has a unique squirming, rotating action that caresses and massages your cock...rigid for easy holding, yet soft and pliable for variable gripping pressure! **Code #14290 £29.95.**

HEART THROB
The sophisticated CLITORAL STIMULATOR that will provide tingling sensations never felt before! Fits snugly over the clitoris with a multi speed remote control. **Code #13383 £19.95.**

CLIMAX
The ultimate slippery lubricant. Specially formulated to feel like a woman's natural juices. Climax is a long-lasting, super soft and sensual lubricant. Tasteless and odorless Climax will provide a super smooth erotic sensation when making love. **Code #14894 £7.95.**

LOVE WAND
This magic wand reaches and pleases anywhere with comfort and ease so you or she alone can reach all those hard-to-reach but needy places! **Code #09886 £12.75.**

P6 Super is Valentine's ALL NEW Revolutionary Men's Cologne Spray that's sure to change your sex life! Containing the secret weapon—pheromones—this exclusive spray will drive women wild with desire! **Code #14860 £14.95.**

MR. STIFF!
Try this super cream and your staying power will make you the talk of the town...put a dab to the head and shaft of your "never-say-die" cock! 1⅛ Oz. **Code #80552 £4.95.**

DOUBLE INTRUDER
The latest in double headed action! Dual position probes are foam filled for strong but gentle penetration. The variable control lets you choose the degree of vibrating action. Sensational! **Code #12757 £16.25.**

ORAL SEX
Discover new & special "tricks"...how to inspire multiple orgasms, special positions, fellatio techniques—and much more. All fully illustrated. **Code #01879 £6.50.**

LESBIAN LOVE
Packed with the hottest shots of Lesbian love you have ever seen. You'll have a close-up view of intimacies you've probably only dared to imagine! **Code #12112 £6.50.**

MARRIAGE BED
Completely uncensored for your enjoyment! Brash photos and text will have you hot, steamy and ready—for the liberated only! **Code #11959 £6.50.**

GROUP SEX
Hotter by the dozen! Filled with close-up shots of firm, foxy women and well-hung studs doing anything and everything to bring pleasure! **Code #02035 £6.50.**

Valentine Products (M.O.) Ltd.
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Please rush me the items listed below. I have enclosed my cheque or postal order plus 60p per item to cover postage and handling. My order will arrive discreetly packaged and I may return it within 7 days for a refund if not totally satisfied. Overseas orders welcome. Please add 20% to cover extra postage & handling costs. Please enclose my FREE catalogue and enter my name for all future issues.

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ALSO! FREE EXOTIC AIDS CATALOGUE! Here's a big, full-color catalogue that's yours **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with every order. Hundreds of hot products and ideas to choose from!

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		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
TOTAL ENCLOSED			=£

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY

NAME ______

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years of age) ______

ADDRESS ______

K 21/5

7

tightening towards a massive ejaculation. I came, and shot hot spunk into her mouth. She swallowed hungrily, looked up, and her spunk covered face removed any ideas of giving my cock a rest.

"Fuck me," whispered Sadie, and lay back on the floor, spreading her long legs. Her hands went down and pulled apart her swollen cunt lips, exposing her hole. I went over and lowered myself onto her, my still erect cock sinking deep inside. She groaned, and wrapped her legs around the backs of my knees. I got into a forceful rythmn, pushing hard into her, while she grabbed my buttocks, her long nails digging into my skin.

As my speed increased, I felt my spunk boiling, ready to fill her yet again. Seconds later, my body was racked by a mind-blowing orgasm that felt as though my dick was spitting fire. A moment later, Sadie's back arched upwards, and her cunt contracted, squeezing the last dribbles of spunk from my dick as she shuddered with her own orgasm.

For a while we lay still, exhausted by our exertions. Then she rolled over, took my limp cock in her mouth and began to lick it clean. As she did this, her slender fingers stroked my balls. Once again, I rose to the occasion, although my tired cock ached like hell. Sadie looked up and smiled, then sat astride me and lowered herself aboard.

As she bobbed up and down on my shaft, her tits bounced, and her face held a look of ecstasy. This time she came before me, but continued until she brought me off, too.

Our lovemaking finished, we left the summer house and party, which was all but over, and I walked Sadie home. As she walked up the steps to her flat, she dropped her key. It wasn't until she bent over to pick it up, and gave me an eyeful of round bum and cunt that I realised the randy girl had left her knickers off! — *S.D., Cheshire.*

Congratulations, S.D. For that inspiring example of how to dodge party-poopers, you win our £50 Letter Of The Month prize! — Ed.

> "I got into a forceful rythmn, pushing hard into her, while she grabbed my buttocks, her long nails digging into my skin."

All Boys Together . . .

I have a small request for you. I am a regular reader of Knave. Just recently, I discovered a short letter in Vol. 20 No. 10, "Rising Sap". It is about an 18-year-old student with no luck in sex. I too have the same problem, so I request that you send me his address and telephone number so that we can become friends and work out our problem together.

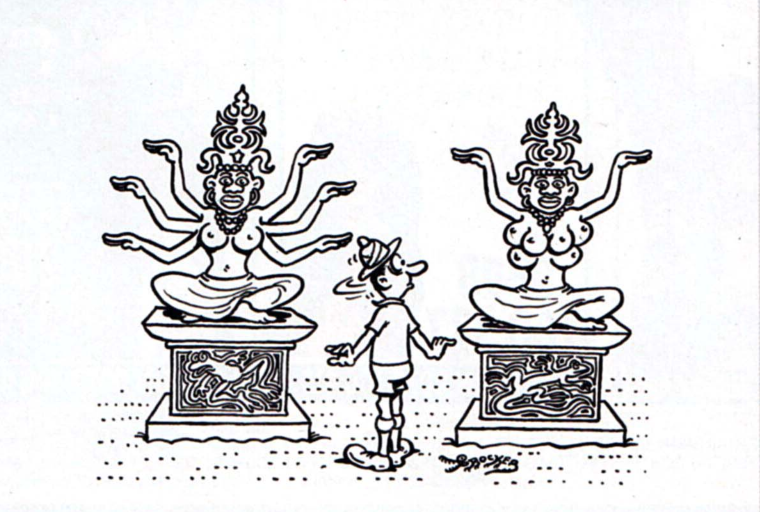
I know, being the best mag, you will help two virgins to have a better sexual life in future. — *K.G., Surrey.*

You have got to be joking — go away! — Ed.

Ebony And Ivory

I feel I have to write to you and tell you about a certain incident which happened to me on the last week of June. My husband had been away on business so I was free to do whatever I pleased. I've never had a particular thing about black guys, although I've often found myself admiring their strong, muscular bodies and in particular their firm, bunchy bums. I suppose I had, from time to time, idly wondered what it would be like to be screwed by one, as I've only ever had white guys. But I'd never put myself out to get the experience.

I was in a pub with my friend Sue one night, when suddenly she nudged me and said "That



PENPOWER

35

LESBIAN FUN
LONDON 0077 100 400
0898 700 374

Pirate RECORDINGS BANNED
0898 700 378
LONDON 0077 100 405

PLAY BUMPER BOOBS WITH ME.
0898 700 375
LONDON 0077 100 410

THE LICK CHICK
JUST LISTEN
LONDON 0077 100 415
0898 700 372

LISTEN TO ME GOBBLE YOU UP
LONDON 0077 100 420
0898 700 376

STRIPTEASE STRIPTEASE STRIPTEASE
THE TELEPHONE TEASE!
LONDON 0077 100 435
0898 700 379

WE CANNOT ADVERTISE IT BUT YOU CAN HEAR IT
0898 700 370
BANNED
LONDON 0077 100 410

ALWAYS LISTEN TO THE XXX NEWS
DIAL
0898 700 390
OR FROM LONDON 01 AREA
0077 100 445

SUSPENDERS
LONDON 0077 100 455
0898 700 392

LESBIAN SECRETS
LONDON 0077 100 450
0898 700 391

JUST LISTEN TO MY XXX GIRLFRIEND AND I WILL BLOW YOU A TELEPHONE KISS
"BLOW BELINDA"
0898 700 377
LONDON 0077 100 415

I RULE MY WORD IS LAW
0898 700 373
LONDON 0077 100 435

LESBIAN LETTERS
0898 700 371
LONDON 0077 100 400

PLEASE TAKE NOTE
ALL THE ENTERTAINMENT SERVICES OFFERED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AS A RESULT OF COMPULSORY DISCONNECTION DUE TO STRONG EROTIC CONTENT OR OTHER REASONS. IF ANY RECORDED MESSAGE DOES NOT MATCH ANY PARTICULAR ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE ACCEPT OUR APOLOGIES FOR SERVICE CHANGES BEYOND OUR CONTROL.

ALL GIRL LINE ADS ON THIS PAGE CHARGED AT 38p PER MINUTE PEAK 25p PER MINUTE OFF PEAK

33 ◄

bloke isn't half staring at you. Do you know him?" I looked and replied "No, but I'd like to."

What I'd seen was over six feet of healthy, gleaming muscle, clad in a white sweat shirt and jeans, inside which I could clearly discern a most interesting cluster of cock and balls. And he really was gazing at me, so much so, I nearly choked over my drink.

Before long, he came over and offered us a drink. to cut a long story short, he walked me home that night and asked if he could come in for coffee. He practically invited himself and I was so fascinated with him, that even though I was tired after a day's work, I couldn't say no. I found myself speculating about the length of his cock and whether it was black all over or not. I was glad I'd put some decent panties on, tiny G-string ones in lace, together with a pair of grey sheer self support stockings, because I felt positive that the evening would end up with me getting screwed in a sex session. I just wanted to know how he'd get around to it.

He really was cool, much cooler than your average white bloke, who would just have pounced and grabbed. He actually asked "Do you mind if I kiss you?" and then I was pressed against his hard body as those plump, curved lips came down on mine.

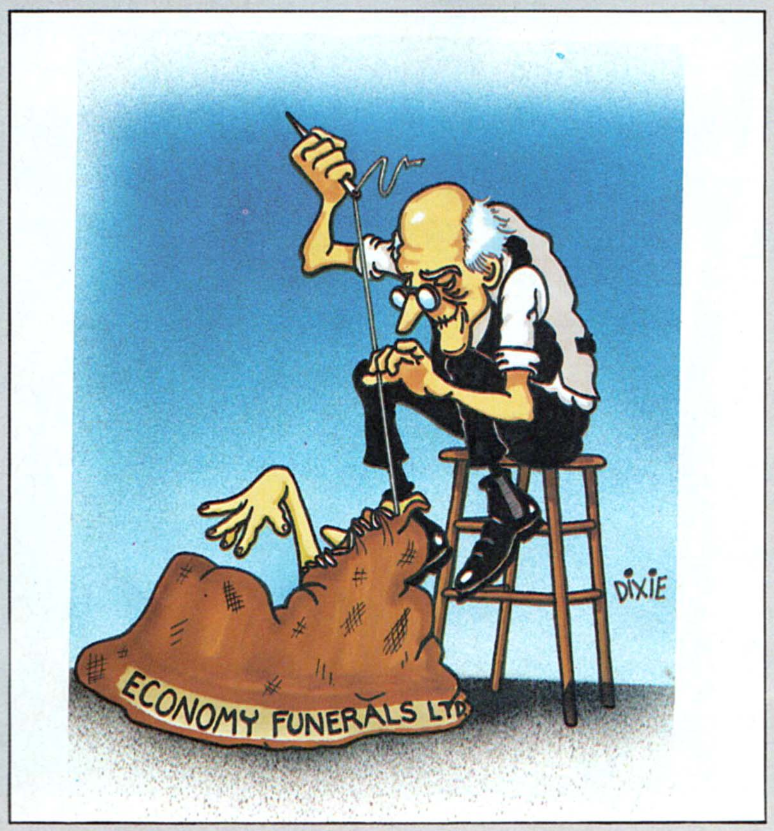
"I found myself speculating about the length of his cock and whether it was black all over or not."

I squirmed in his arms, winding a leg round his as he bent me backwards. I could feel something the size of a police truncheon digging in to my belly and the smell of the spicy aroma of his sweat. He stroked his hand lightly over my angora jumper and half an inch of erect nipple leaped out to greet him. My swollen labia were straining against the tight lace of my panties and I was so aroused that, when I pressed the naked skin of my thighs above my stocking tops together, the flesh was sticky with musky lubrication fluids.

He asked if he could lick me out as he had never done it to a white girl before. I stood with my legs spread while he dropped to the carpet and worked my panties down. I stepped out of them and pushing up my skirt he ran his hands up my grey stockinged legs, gasping with pleasure when he reached my bare white thighs. He parted my pubic bush then inserted his hot pointed tongue between my outer lips, finding my pulsing clit immediately. I nearly came the moment he touched it, then I controlled myself not wanting him to see how wild he was making me.

He nipped and nibbled my clit, then took each love-lip in turn into his warm, wet mouth and sucked. Then, letting go, he found my wide open hole and very slowly, teasingly slid his tongue right in, as far as possible. I was dying to see his erection released from its confines but I knew it was up to him. He began making darting movements with his tongue, at the same time pressing his nose against my love button. I began grinding myself against his face and felt I was coming. Groaning, I gave myself up to a jerking, writhing orgasm. "I've drunk your come. You came a lot," he said reaching for his flies. "Now it's my turn."

He unleashed a cock, the like of which I've never seen, at least 11" long and very thick with it and gleaming like black silk. He wasn't circumcised and as he pulled back his foreskin to give himself a wank, I saw his glistening, pinkish knob. Mesmerised, I reached out and took



► 77

Coming To A Cave Near You:

SLUG SPECIAL No. 3

THERE IS NO ESCAPE!

More new girlies than you can shake a stick at, a great new Slug adventure, cartoons, letters . . . The list is endless. Almost.

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A BRAND NEW 20 PAGE SLUG ADVENTURE
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SIX BRAND NEW GIRLS, TESTED AND CHOSEN BY SLUG HIMSELF!

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Name..

Address ....

....

I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

JULETTE

JULETTE STANDS IN FRONT OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE A LARGE BANK OF SUN LAMPS, AND IF YOU PEER VERY CAREFULLY AT THESE PICTURES, YOU CAN JUST ABOUT SPOT THE REFLECTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER, LEERING OVER HIS KODAK INSTAMATIC. BUT ON EVEN CLOSER INSPECTION, THE WELL-SIGHTED READER, USED TO INSPECTING PICTURES OF NAKED LADIES AT GREAT LENGTH, OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SEE OUR VERY OWN EDITOR, EL GUTTO, DRESSED ONLY IN A PAIR OF SUPPORT STOCKINGS, REFLECTED IN THE HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACE OF THE BULBS. AND IF YOU THINK ALL I'VE DONE IS GIVE YOU A BETTER EXCUSE TO USE ON YOUR WIFE WHEN SHE SPOTS YOU, MAGNIFYING GLASS IN HAND, CLOSELY STUDYING JULETTE'S WOBBLY BITS, THEN YOU'RE RIGHT. NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT KNAVE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ITS READERS.

Photographed by Joe King

For Adults Only: California's Weekly Sex News & Review!
SPECTATOR
MAGAZINE
Undressed For Success! Porn's Hottest Newcomer, Cover Model Alicia Monet!
Safe Sex Messages That Melt In Your Mouth!
The Dead Woods:
A Haunting Fantasy By Larry T

SEX MAGS

SAN FRANCISCO STYLE

Ever since the 1960's, San Francisco has been regarded as a den of iniquity. But where did the 'free love' stop and the commercial sex industry begin? In this Trans-Atlantic exposé, *ROBERT KANTERS* charts the rise of The Spectator, the San Francisco paper that pioneered adult orientated advertising...

In the San Francisco Bay Area, the Spectator, based in Berkeley, is the sex organ for everyone. Its pages contain a detailed chronicle of everything that is happening on the sex scene. No matter how bizarre your needs, you can find an advertiser or an article that will suit your taste.

It wasn't always like this. The publication started as a spin-off from the original publication, 'The Berkeley Barb', which put out its first issue in 1965. The 'Barb' was an underground paper, both for the politically active students at The University of California, Berkeley Campus, and others living in the area.

During the 60s, and well into the 70s, the 'Barb' was the West coast outlet for anti-war and anti-establishment sentiment. Every major name associated with the anti-war movement either wrote for, or appeared in the 'Barb'. Very few Americans will ever forget the demonstrations on Telegraph Ave., or the explosive articles by prominent political activists that ran in the paper.

The significance of the name, 'Berkeley Barb' was that 'Berkeley' stood for the campus and the city. 'Barb' indicated the sharp edge on the political comment.

From the start of the Barb, there was a built-in audience of anti-establishment people living in the Berkeley/San Francisco area, and the Barb's message played to an appreciative audience. For some unknown reason, even though the paper was well received by its readers, advertisers stayed away.

In 1966, the Barb took its first adult ad, in the form of a classified ad from a couple looking for another couple to "swing" with. After that, more and

For Adults Only: California's Weekly Sex News & Review!
SPECTATOR
MAGAZINE
How Does Pornography Affect Relationships?
Exclusive Uncoverage: Lake Tahoe's Best Clothing-Optional Beach!
Nineteen & Naughty:
Teenage Cover Model Stacee NUDE!

SEX MAGS

SAN FRANCISCO STYLE

more ads were taken from adults and sex oriented businesses. Those businesses, trying to establish themselves in society, were having trouble finding papers willing to accept their ads. Anti-establishment papers became the place to advertise. This kept the Barb alive. As adult ads increased, the Barb needed to publish two sections, the first with serious articles and the second with the adult advertising.

But there were rumblings in the editorial offices. The two philosophies; one of the business of sex, and the other of free love, etc., were not happy bed fellows at the Barb. The argument was always made that just because one supports 'free love' did not automatically mean their agreement with the philosophy of making money from the sex that resulted!

After Watergate, anti-establishment sentiment seemed to melt away, as the political realities of the Nixon resignation started to soak in. The Carter administration showed Americans in a very clear way the pitfalls of being 'too holy', 'too clean', and 'too soft'. Many former readers felt the Barb was favouring left-wing politics.

With the original readership disappearing, the Barb started to look for a position in the market. The pure leftists on the staff wanted their paper to stand alone on its politics. They believed that without the sex section, they could get both readers and advertisers. Their vision was to stand alone, just like they thought they did at the start. They remembered the rock concert ads and other youth type advertising.

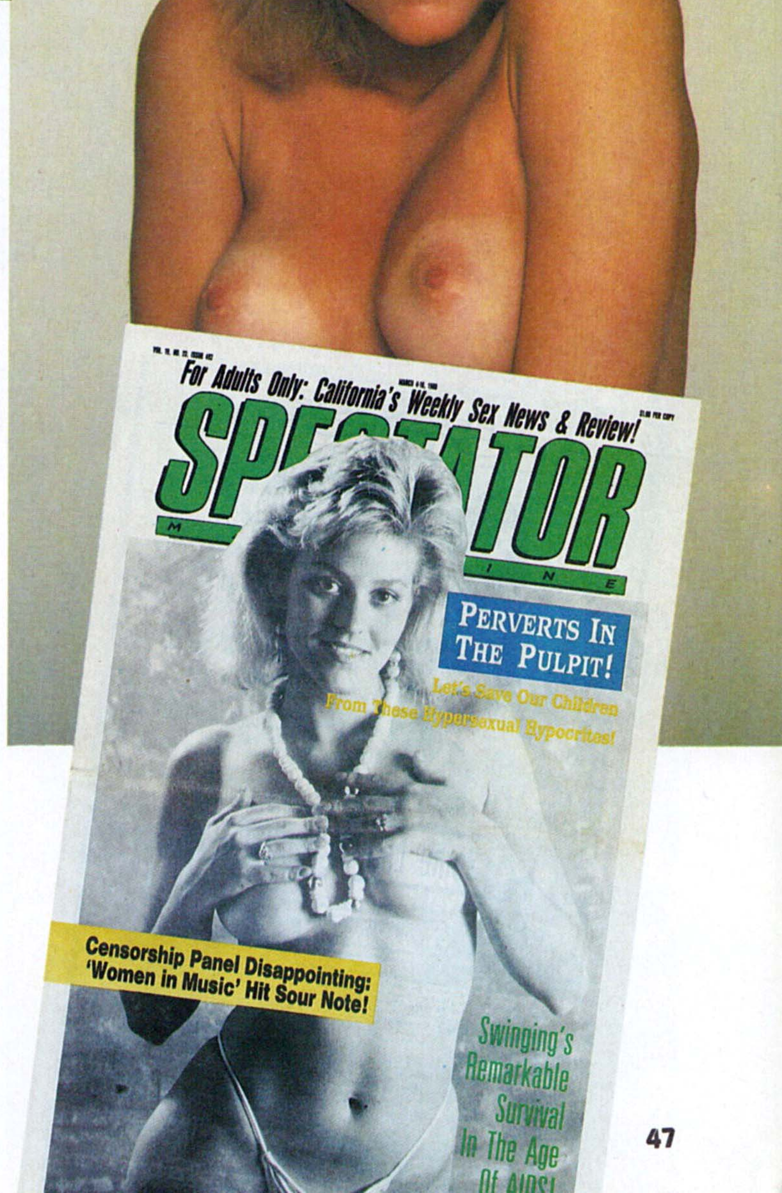
The section that had all the sex ads and supported the paper was separated and given the title of 'Spectator'. The first issue was put out in 1978, and both the Barb and the Spectator were published from the same offices.

The Spectator had no trouble from the moment it hit the streets. In fact, it was the ideal medium for the sex business. The Barb, on the other side of the office, hit rough times. Try as they did, neither the sales, nor the advertising were enough to put the paper into profit. What was true in 1965 was also true in 1978, so after two years of struggling, the Barb folded and the Spectator survived.

Dave Patrick, who became editor in 1982, has his work cut out for him in this era of AIDS. What Dave is trying to do is make the paper a source of information about sex. Any kind of sex is OK so long as you don't die from it is the philosophy, and it seems to be working, because the paper had received many expressions of thanks from Health Department officials.

Even with all the benefits of sex education, the City of Alameda tried, unsuccessfully, to ban the distribution of the paper, in violation of the American Constitution. Different than in many parts of the world, newspapers in America are sold from self-service vending machines placed on street corners. This is what Alameda wanted to stop.

Alameda tried all sorts of legal ploys to keep the Spectator's vending machines off the street, but they too were bound by law, and failed to stop the distribution. Even before the groundless Alameda complaint, Spectator took great pains to be sure that the paper got to the people who


For Adults Only: California's Weekly Sex News & Review!
SPECTATOR
MAGAZINE
Perverts In The Pulpit!
Let's Save Our Children From These Hypersexual Hypocrites!
Censorship Panel Disappointing: 'Women in Music' Hit Sour Note!
Swinging's Remarkable Survival In The Age Of AIDS!

SPECTATOR
MAGAZINE
Hot As A Firecracker! Porn's Sexiest Newcomer, Cover Model Megan Lee!
'Swimwear Illustrated' Undressed For Success
Senate Labor And Human Resources OK's $605 Million To Fight AIDS!

SEX MAGS

SAN FRANCISCO STYLE

wanted to read it. Special news racks were designed and installed that would just show part of the cover of the paper, and not offend people who were just passing by. The racks also provided protection from vandals and thieves. This change in the distribution made a big difference in the profitability of the paper. Of course, the paper continues to be sold in newspaper shops.

Advertisers in the San Francisco Bay Area involved in adult, sex oriented businesses find that advertising in the Spectator is indispensable. Several companies advertise nowhere else. The readers of Spectator are those, 'spectators' who are large consumers of sexually explicit videos, live shows and other 'services'.

The Spectator is one of very few such papers in America. In California there is one other based in San Francisco, and two others of importance in Los Angeles.

The 'San Francisco Pleasure Guide' is just that. It is half the size of the Spectator, and carries only pictures and ads. It is designed only as an advertising sheet, and operates with no staff except a layout artist.

The 'Hollywood Press' entered the scene during the mid 1970s, and recently introduced more editorial pages. Until then it was a large copy of the Pleasure Guide, and specialized in adult ads.

The 'Free Press', also based in Los Angeles, has had an interesting history. It was the one who broke original ground in the underground press in L.A. by taking sexually oriented advertising. They have continued to publish in the same manner as the Barb did with the sex ads in the special 'pink' section.

For the straight underground press, these are difficult times. In the late 80s there are very few causes that will unite readers the same way the Vietnam war did in the 60s. The regular press has taken up the cause of establishment criticism, leaving the 'underground' press with little to say that had not already been covered.

This problem is especially clear when one looks at the underground press that doesn't feature sexually orientated material. Many papers stretch the point every week looking for controversial articles which quite often strain credibility. The small, minor voice with something to say can't get the exposure in a major daily newspaper, because the publisher is concerned that the article will upset his advertisers. Thinking people are concerned about this trend, but have little power to alter it. It's such an atmosphere that allows little publications – the Spectator and others – to thrive!

PORNOGRAPHY- Corrupter Of Youth Or Harmless Diversion?
Hot New Videotapes For Couples & Kinkos!

Clarice

Okay, so you recognise Clarice. You saw her two months ago. What a bunch of cheap bastards, not giving you any 'new blood' to look at. Don't blame us, it's our deranged Art Editor's fault – he's foreign, you know. Wouldn't it be great, he said, if you used Clarice again! We didn't need to ask why. The froth on his lips, and the unsightly bulge in his 'action slacks' gave him away. That and the 'Clarice' tattoo on his forehead.

"Okay, so I got the hots for her," he drawled in his sloppy Canadian accent, "But that don't mean I can't make a good objective opinion about the quality of these pictures!" Unfortunately, the pictures you see on the following pages are the only ones of this set that remain. The others seem to have been, er, lost . . .

Photographed by Austin Legrew

Clarice

KNAVE

NEW
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Slender and tapered, this one fits just about anywhere. Lightweight and powerful, precision designed to go where the others cannot reach. £3.75

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Fill her to the brim with a full 12" of pulsating pleasure. An experience so mind-blowing you'll have her begging for mercy. £8.95

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Eight inches of pulsating pleasure – you control the speed while it massages and vibrates in non stop action. £5.50

DEEP STROKER 15
Can she handle this one? Switch on and the soft rubber head gently vibrates to tease and excite; then turn to overdrive and the shaft thrusts in and out – she won't know what's hit her!
£9.99
Up'N' Downer

JONI'S BUTTERFLY 3
Once it's strapped into position there's no escape! Wear it under your clothes and only you will know that your vagina and clitoris are being massaged into a frenzy of delight. £6.75

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ANYTIME ANYPLACE

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Six ways to drive her wild. Once placed on the penis, the soft prongs will brush her clit and vaginal lips to intensify her pleasure. The soft rubber ring will also help you sustain your erection. £1.95 each. 3 for £4.95. 6 for £8.95

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Discover what two extra inches could do for your love life. This is the tried and tested way to develop a more impressive performance! £13.95

ANGEL'S DELIGHT 34
Another one for the ladies. The deluxe love egg with vibrator control. The soft oval shape will vibrate and caress your vagina for hours of private pleasure. £4.50

VIBRATING VAGINA 50
Ever open and willing, this soft welcoming vagina pulsates and vibrates like nothing else can.
£19.95
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PORATOR 35
A vibrator for both sexes. Small and cleverly shaped for vaginal stimulation. One way or another it's bound to please. £5.50

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GOLD FINGER 16
Enjoy an infinite number of erotic sensations with this deluxe multi speed vibrator. Probe, tease, massage and thrust – there are five different attachments so all you have to do is decide how and where! £10.95

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27-30
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The complete turn on when there are no men around! In form and texture it's got everything. £19.95

they LOOK and FEEL REAL

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Get to grips with your desires. This dildo is firm yet flexible and is complete with built in vibrator.
£18.95
(With ejaculator and vibrator £19.50)

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Superb bendy dildo. Controlable speed. Big enough to satisfy your every desire. £14.95

THUNDERER DILDO 24
Soft and pliable, this truly complete dildo looks and feels just like the real thing. It's shaped and ribbed in all the right places – to tease and delight you from every angle. £17.95

SPRAYS AND CREAMS

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Range of catalogues *free* with every order. To order catalogues only, enter 70 on coupon and include £2 (refund with first order)

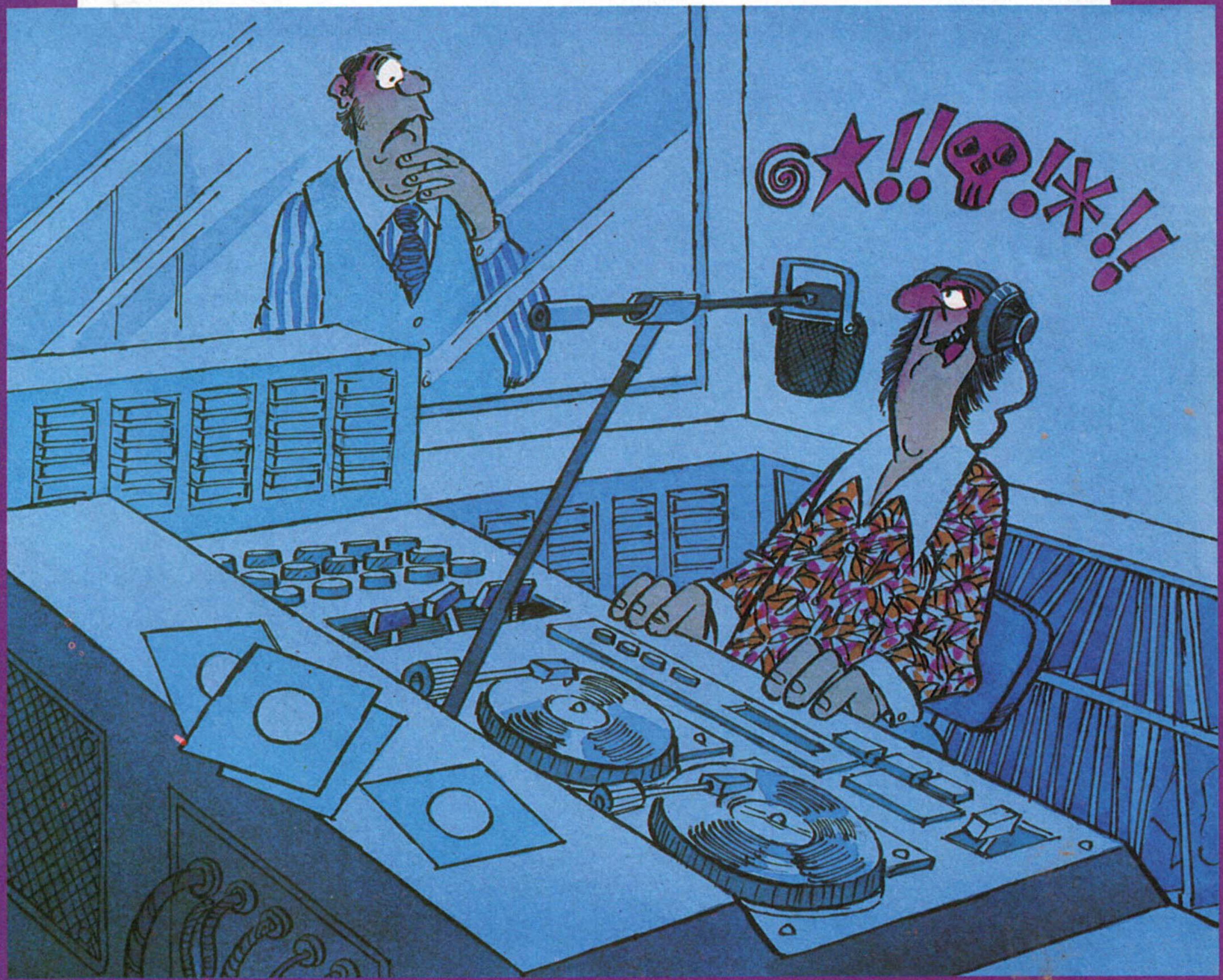
KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

Johnny Manhattan (1939-1963)

During the early years of rock 'n roll, a lot of absolute tits became deejays. *(What's changed? - Ed.)* The most obnoxious of them all was Johnny Manhattan, a tasteless cretin from the Bronx, New York. Once, during a phone-in, a suicidal teenager asked what she should do. "You can get the fuck off my airwaves, while I play some Eddie Cochrane," came the comforting reply. On a similar show, another young girl phoned in with boyfriend problems. "Hold on, darlin," he began in concerned tones. "You sound like you got big bazookas. Could ya speak in a husky voice while I get my pecker out?"

Needless to say, Johnny moved from station to station, lasting on average, three days at each. He was to die a horrible death. While dancing naked to a Ronettes' number, he caught his dick in between the record and the turntable and spun himself through the plate glass window of the producer's studio.



Illustrations by Russ Tudor

LOTS OF THINGS YOU DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT

SEX-AIDS

Perhaps one day in the distant future people will be able to have uncomplicated, hassle-free sex. Meantime, history is littered with footnotes about some of the bizarre props to which people have had to resort in an attempt to improve their sex-lives, to improve their performance, or merely to get it in the first place, as EUGENE BYRNE found out.

★ The average length of a Western European male's penis is 9.51 cm or three and three quarter inches flaccid. We have it on the best medical authority that there is no scientifically-proven method of enlarging it. In spite of this, many civilisations have lived in hope. The ancient Chinese sexologist (if that's what they called them back then) Tung Hsuan recommended powdered seaweed mixed with the fungus *boschnaika glabra* and bits of the liver of a white dog killed during the first moon. This disgusting mixture was to be applied three times to the penis and washed off the following morning with fresh

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EXPLICIT SCAN MAGS
UNCENSORED
-UNDER £1.50 EACH

Very explicit, completely uncensored, full colour sex mags that would cost £25 each and more in Soho. Superb printing in full colour enables you to see every minute detail. These photo colour mags leave absolutely nothing to the imagination, bringing you a feast of uncensored, explicit sex.
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2. Visit one of the retail outlets listed below.
CALLERS WELCOME: These and many other adult products are available amongst the retail outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30-6.30pm. (Fri 8pm).

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*Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who stock a range of adult products incidental to their main business: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate E7., 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd. Brent N.W.2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bullring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **IPSWICH** 9 Manning Rd, Felixstowe **LEEDS** 209 North St. **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND – EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Rd, Leith Walk ●●● **WALES – CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St

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LOTS OF THINGS YOU DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT

SEX-AIDS

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water. The process was guaranteed to lengthen one's dick by three inches. Should you feel like trying this, please write in and tell us if it works.

★ In the past (and even now, if you look at the popularity of powdered rhino horn in some Asian countries), some of the oddest things have been considered aphrodisiacs. The ancient Greeks went in for honey, onions, eggs, crabs and snails. In medieval England, sparrows' brains were thought to be worth a try, and even as late as 1596 a cookery book recommended making a pie of them as a turn-on for either sex. In Tudor and Stuart times, tomatoes were thought to make you randy, as were potatoes — think about that next time you're down on the allotment. Some brothels welcomed customers with a dish of (yech!) prunes. Oysters, of course, are supposed to give a man some added get up and go. There may be some truth in this latter theory since they are a good source of zinc, a vital ingredient of semen.

★ Then there's Spanish Fly . . . The drug Cantharis is a preparation of dried Spanish, or blister beetles (*Lytta Vesicatoria,* since you ask). In men, an overdose leads to a burning sensation when urinating, a painful erection that you certainly won't want to use, kidney failure and possible death. One of the more notorious episodes in its squalid history concerns a medieval Frenchwoman who slipped her husband an extra large helping in the hope of recharging his marital batteries. Over the following three days, the poor man got this compulsive urge to make love to her — 87 times. By the end of all this, he was clearly a goner, but his by now bruised and gangrenous organ managed three more orgasms even as he was being given the last rites!

★ The medical jury is still out on the question of whether or not the pheromone sprays that have come on the market in the last few years work or not. But, it's certainly true that nature's own fragrances have worked very well for some people, such as Napoleon: "Back in three days — don't wash," he once wrote to Josephine.

★ The sex business has always included a goodly number of charlatans hiding behind the honest practitioners. The most notorious in British sexual history must be Dr. James Graham. Born in Scotland in 1745, he first shot to national prominence with his 'Celestial Bed'. This contraption, housed in his 'Temple of Hygieia' in London was supposed to cure any man who slept in it of impotence (at 100 guineas a night). The secret of the Celestial Bed, said Graham, was the fact that it was surrounded by magnets which were, "continually pouring forth...tides of magnetic effluvium." One of the nubile young attendants at the Temple would later achieve fame in her own right as Nelson's mistress, Lady Hamilton. Graham, however, came to a bad end. He became an advocate of what he called, 'earth-bathing', that is, burying his patients up to the neck. To demonstrate the health-giving qualities of this unique therapy, and a young assistant took off all their clothes and had themselves buried with, according to the Dictionary of National Biography, "their heads beautifully dressed and powdered, appearing not unlike two fine full-grown cauliflowers." Graham retired to Edinburgh and ended his days in a lunatic asylum as a born-again Christian. He died while working on a book titled 'How To Live For Many Weeks, Months Or Years Without Eating Anything Whatever'.

★ The earliest known dildoes seem to have come from Miletus, a trading port in Asia Minor. The Greeks knew the product as the *olisbos.* Made of wood or leather, it had to be lubricated with olive oil before

continued on page 65

WHAM BAM WINNIE TELLS ALL 0898 100 469 LONDON 0077 100 420

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CALL ME NOW!! Just listen to the XXX NYMPHO 0898 100 463 LONDON 0077 100 455

All calls to advertisements on this page are charged at 38p peak or 25p off peak. ST P.O. Box 242 London SW15 2RJ

THE THIRTY NINE STRIPS BY PHONE! HEAR THE PEELING TO HIT THE CEILING STAG FUN DIAL 0898 100 459

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ECSTASY JANE Speaks DIAL 0898 100 473 FROM LONDON 0077 100 410 AND JUST LISTEN

DILLIS DIAL 'O' TELLS MORE! 0898 100 472 LONDON 0077 100 420

CALL US NOW THE OH! OH! GIRLS IN ACTION 0898 100 484 LONDON 0077 100 405

DEEP THROAT DEBBIE CONFESSES TO ALL DIAL 0898 100 456 LONDON 0077 100 415

LESBIAN CONFESSIONS DARE YOU LISTEN? 0898 100 458 LONDON 0077 100 455

THE Oh! Oh! GIRLS OUR LATEST RECORDING 0898 100 478 LONDON 0077 100 455

THE ORIGINAL PILLOW TALK!! NO NONSENSE TO THIS RECORDING!!! CALL 0898 100 424 LONDON 0077 100 450

0898 100 425 FROM LONDON: 0077 100 415 BONKING ADVISORY SERVICE JUST LISTEN TO GLENDA GLADRAGS BONK

CALL US NOW! 0898 100 426 FROM LONDON 077-100-400 LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING OF THE EXOTIC MYSTERY GIRLS!

LESBIAN LETTERS READ IN DETAIL BY DILLIS DIAL'O WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW – AND HEAR DIAL (TO LISTEN) 0898-100-497 LONDON 0077 100 420 ALSO, WE PAY £100 FOR EACH LESBIAN LETTER PUBLISHED

THE BONK STONK Call Me JUST LISTEN 0898 100 466 LONDON 0077 100 430

WOW WANETA THE ORIGINAL XXX MAN EATER DARE YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY – JUST LISTEN! 0898 100 490 LONDON 0077 100 435

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FRENCH LETTERS READ BY Fifi 0898 100 427 LONDON 0077 100 420

DIRTY DENISE TELLS ALL AT LAST! THE TRUTH IS TOLD TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE Phone 0898 100 495 LONDON 0077 100 415 AND JUST LISTEN

French MAID TELLS ALL OO-LA-LA 0898 100 428 LONDON 0077-100-425

LESBIAN LETTERS READ IN SECRET BY DEBBIE DYKE (JUST LISTEN) 0898 100 429 FROM LONDON 0077 100 420

CALL ME CINDY JONES DIAL 0898 100 431 LONDON 0077 100 405

PLAY BUMPER BOOBS WITH BERTHA BRISTOLS JUST HAVE TWO SHEETS OF PAPER A BAR OF SOAP AND A CUP OF WARM WATER READY DIAL: 0898 100 467 LONDON 0077 100 440 AND THEN YOU CAN PLAY BUMPER BOOBS WITH BERTHA BRISTOLS. IT'S A FUN GAME FOR ONE PERSON, OR TWO AND GROUPS

LESBIAN GROUP MESSAGE DARE YOU LISTEN 0898 100 474 LONDON 0077 100 405

SAY NO MORE LISTEN TO MAXINE JUST DIAL 0898 100 496 LONDON 0077 100 405

LOTS OF THINGS YOU DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX-AIDS

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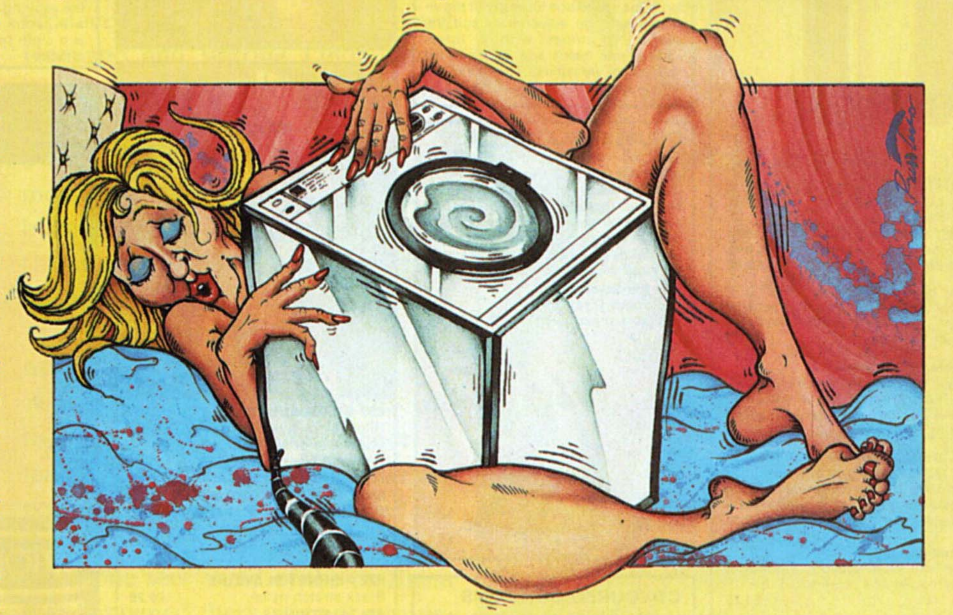
use. The Japanese and Chinese were also familiar with them, using devices of horn or tortoise-shell, some of which were intended to be worn over the penis like some crude form of condom. Dildoes did not become fashionable in England until the 1660s, and then only among the upper classes. They were imported from Italy and were used by the ladies at Merry Monarch King Charles II's court. A hundred years later, they were still being imported from abroad, much to the consternation of the Customs men, for there was nothing in the regulations about whether or not any duty was payable on dildoes, so sometimes they got through and sometimes they got confiscated.

★ The vibrator is a more recent development. It came about when a Swedish doctor discovered that bored housewives sometimes got a sexual thrill from sitting on their washing machines. He decided to invent a machine that would do it better.

★ But if you don't have a dildo or vibrator readily available, then a surprising number of household objects can be used as sexual hardware. Any experienced casualty nurse will tell of the man with his dick stuck in the vacuum cleaner (though relatively few have ever handled such cases *personally* — it usually happened on the other shift). Other stories/legends tell of women being admitted to hospital to have such objects as Coca-Cola bottles (the old-fashioned variety) and the gear-stick knob of a Morris Minor removed from places they should never have been put in the first place. It is also said that a number of "copycat" cases have been inspired by Shirley Conran's novel 'Lace', in which a goldfish, for God's sake, is used. Perhaps we can place more trust in tales of Dr. Richard Mould (he is, after all, a doctor) who in his book of 'Medical Anecdotes' discusses a number of colourful cases. He says, for example, that there is an oven door handle in the Westminster Medical School museum. To it is attached a label stating that "an unmarried man of 42 admitted that the introduction of the handle was intended to produce an erotic sensation". He also writes of a man being admitted to casualty with a tin of Heinz Baked Beans stuck up his bum, ("a nurse was heard to remark 'fancy eating them in the tin.'"). The most notorious documented case of do-it-yourself sexual hardware, however, concerns a man taken to hospital with a full bottle of tomato ketchup lodged inextricably in his anus. His explanation as to how this had happened was as tortured as his arse; he had been to the supermarket and, on returning home, found he had forgotten his front door key. He tried to climb up the drainpipe to an upstairs window, but as he was doing this his trousers fell down. On trying to pull them up again, he fell from the drainpipe, landing on the ketchup bottle poking from the top of the carrier bag below. The story might just have been believed were it not for the condom that was stretched over the bottle...



★ When the French refer to the 'English vice', they mean homosexuality (what with sodomy being more or less part of the curriculum at some of our finest public schools), but before that, back in the nineteenth century, 'le vice Anglais' was flagellation (homosexuality, incidentally, they referred to as the 'German vice'). The English were supposed to be just mad about flogging. This also, it will be noted, is another fine public school tradition. By the nineteenth century, Britain led the world in flagellation manuals — books with titles like 'The Exhibition Of Female Flagellants', 'Madame Birchini's Dance', and 'Lady Bumtickler's Revels' (you think I'm making this up, don't you?). And it's certainly true that an awful lot of upper-class Englishmen went in for it in a big way, both as floggers and flogees. It took the genius of Theresa Berkeley, an early nineteenth century London prostitute, to refine it to an art, and to fully develop the necessary technology. She it was who invented the 'Berkeley Horse', a special piece of equipment resembling a padded ladder to which her customers were tied for a taste of the lash. Her premises in Portland Place were also equipped with birch rods (kept in water to maintain their suppleness), assorted whips, a dozen cat o' nine tails (studded with needle points) and leather straps. For chaps who liked it really rough, she had oxhide straps

continued on page 67

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LOTS OF THINGS YOU DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX-AIDS

continued from page 65

studded with nails. And she always had plenty of vases filled with fresh nettles — provided they were in season.

★ The first regular pornographic literature since ancient times came (where else?) from France. One of the earliest works was a book titled 'L'Ecole des Filles' (The Girls' School), a titillating tale with a plot, and indeed title, that would be recognisable in a modern hardcore movie, involving as it did lesbianism, group sex and a spot of flogging. By the 1650s copies were available even in London. That dirty old man Samuel Pepys saw a copy of it in a bookshop, and innocently browsed through it with the intention of buying it to help his wife with her French. "But," he wrote in his diary, "when I came to look into it, it was the most bawdy, lewd book I ever saw, so that I was ashamed of reading it..."

Three weeks later, he returned to the bookshop and bought himself a copy.

That night, he retired to bed with it, alone. "A lewd book," he called it, "but what doth me no wrong for instruction sake...but it did hazer my prick para stand all the while, and una vez de decharger." The gibberish was his way of telling his diary (which was supposed to be secret) that the book had caused him to make a mess of the sheets. Almost at once, he burned it, presumably to prevent Mrs. Pepys from finding it.

★ The men's magazine is not as new as you think either. The first regular such publication in England was, 'The Covent Garden Magazine or Amorous Repository'. It started life in 1773, and took its name from the fact that in those days, Covent Garden was where most of London's prostitutes plied their trade. It contained racy stories and adverts for prostitutes and brothels. It was followed some years later by the annual, 'Harris's List of Covent Garden Ladies', an amazingly detailed and sophisticated publication, listing various prostitutes along with their prices and specialities. It was, one might say, the first contact mag. Most remarkably of all, it seems to have employed a professional critic who wrote up detailed reviews of the performances of various women. This, of one lady who'd been in the business seven years' "the coral-tipped clitoris still forms the powerful erection...nor has the sphincter vaginae been robbed of any of its contractive powers, the propelling labia still make the close fissure..."

★ Then there came the porn movie. One of the most famous of all time was 'Deep Throat', released in 1972, produced and directed by Gerard Damiano and starring Linda Lovelace. made for around $25,000 dollars, the film has since earned over $100 million. That, as they say in the movie business, is an awful lot of bums on seats. The plot of the film (in case you didn't know) rests on the premise that the heroine's clitoris is at the back of her throat. Isn't the world a funny place?

★ It is said that great empires are toppled through the decadence of their citizens. It is also said that the post-war American empire fell on the battlefields of Vietnam, and when one sees some of the craziness that happened there, it's not surprising. Among some of the less-publicised pieces of military equipment used by US troops in Vietnam were inflatable women. These were life-sized, made of plastic and rubber and came in blonde, brunette and red-head varieties. The military authorities shipped them out to 'Nam in the hope that their use would discourage troops from availing themselves of the services of the local prostitutes, and thus picking up nasty venereal diseases. To make the experiences more meaningful, they were supposed to be filled with warm water before use. Some years ago, your correspondent came across an advertisement for, "US Army surplus masturbators", but quite what the hell these are, we haven't a clue. Answers on a postcard please.

★ The condom began life as a prophylactic against disease, then against pregnancy, but it took 20th century know-how to try and make the condom FUN. One survey has revealed that different nationalities prefer their condoms different colours. The Kenyans like red ones. In Japan, where they're sold from door-to-door, the fave colours are black and blue, (which may or may not tell us something about the race's reputation for sado-masochism), while the Egyptians like green, pink and yellow. It did not require a marketing genius to discover that if you sold condoms in "small", "medium" and large sizes, then the chemist's shelves would be left with a lot of unsold "small" and "medium" ones. So standard sizes were introduced. It may come as a severe blow to your national pride to learn that in France, the standard French Letter is 3cm longer than the British Johnny, I'd order that penis enlarger now if I was you!

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ELLEN

The Knave paddling pool and its environs have always been popular amongst the happy snappers and models, and Ellen proved to be no exception. Within minutes of her arrival, she'd removed most of her clothes, and was running nymph-like through the Galaxy garden. Only to be brought up short by a leery, sweaty little man. To be honest, we haven't discovered who was more embarrassed, the Fiesta editor, who was practising his naturist sunbathing, or Ellen, who, for some strange reason, spent the rest of the day giggling. It seems that she'd been privy to the Fiesta chief's little secret. Well, the editor of XS has suffered from the same problem for years . . .

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over, fitting his rock hard length into the palm of my hand, squeezing and wanking him up and down, slowly and firmly, then quickening my strokes until he said I'd better stop or he'd shoot all over my fingers.

He pulled me down onto the carpet and laid me on my side, then got behind me, first inserting his big, black organ between my thighs and masturbating between my thigh muscles, rubbing my clit at the same time and spreading my love juices all over my pussy, with slapping, slurping sounds. I was almost bent double, my bum against his belly, while he fingered my tits, cupping and palpitating them.

> "As he pulled back his foreskin to give himself a wank, I saw his glistening, pinkish knob."

By now I was wriggling with excitement, I could hardly wait to take in that massive, firm black prick and feel those powerful balls banging against my bottom. I swayed my hips suggestively and suddenly he was nosing his way inside me. I gasped as I felt my skin almost split. I really had to stretch to accommodate him, he was so huge. He refused to insert himself slowly, as he was so randy by now that he just wanted to force his way right up to my womb. I can honestly say my cunt had never been filled so much in my life.

I don't think I've ever been so sloppy with love liquid. I could smell the musk of it and the sharp, acrid tang of his sweat in my debauched position. I was tightly pinned against him as he worked my hips up and down his long length, plunging in his entire cock to the hilt. Then he pulled out and hovered right on the brink before cleaving into me again. In my backwards position, I felt so helpless all I could do was grip my stretched cunt muscles around his bludgeoning, thick inches. I heard him grunt between his teeth. He gave a few fast, deep strokes and I felt his cock quivering and jumping inside me and his balls pulsing as he pumped me full of steaming sperm. There was gallons of it, I could feel it overflowing out of my cunt and oozing down the sides of his shaft and dripping into my pubes. We were glued together, throbbing in a mutual tearing orgasm.

Then, abruptly, he pulled out of me and ordered me to lick his cock and balls clean. I did as I was told and licked off every last drop of his thick spunk.

He could only stay the one night as he was in the area on business, but I'll always remember the first and probably only time I was screwed by a big, black guy. — *Brenda, Notts.*

Sticky Challenge

Can any of your readers beat this, one night I came eight times in a row! — *James, Co. Durham.*

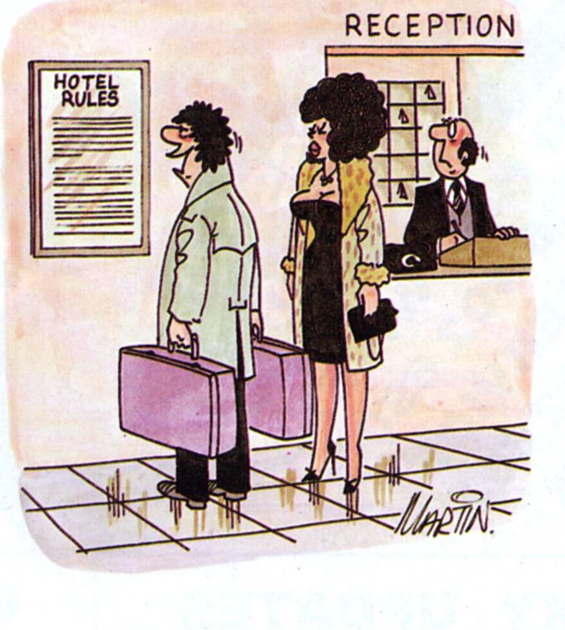
Well done, James. Everyone here is pretty surprised you didn't get wanker's cramp. Give yourself a big hand — Ed.

Cabbie's Delight

I would like to tell you a true story of how I made it with a cab driver, before I met my husband.

I used to go to a club nearly every night. I didn't go to pick up guys because you could get a reputation (still can) doing that and you get branded a slut and every one treats you like

► 79



"We're in luck. It doesn't say anything about adultery!"

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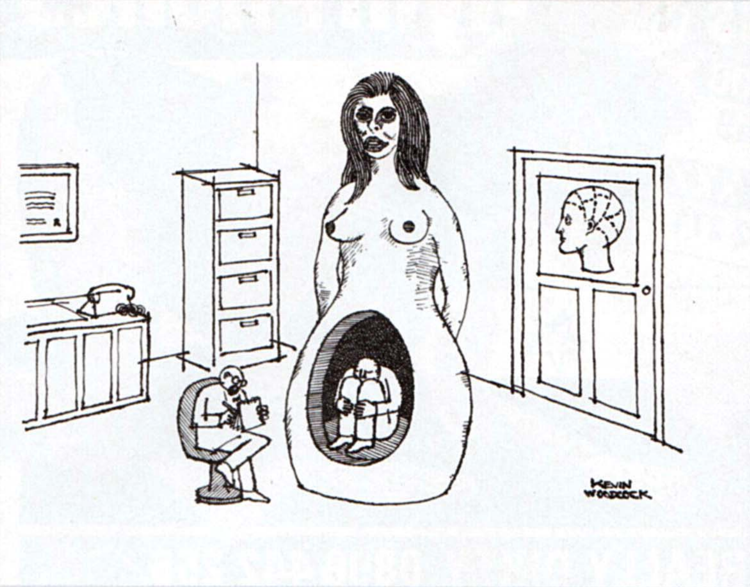

one, thinking they've got the right to fuck you, which on a majority of occasions they do.

I usually went out dancing with my friend Sally and we'd bop till late. We always made sure we had enough money for a taxi home, because we were always very late and we both lived in fairly dodgy areas as far as getting home was concerned.

After working up a good sweat one night, we left and went for a cab at around three thirty in the morning. It was a right pain in the arse hanging around at that time waiting for a cab as you've always got to dodge propositions from Arabs and drunken football supporters who think that just because you're wearing high heels, stockings and make up you're going to let them give you a quick one up an alley. Once or twice, or maybe more, curiosity got the better of me and I was screwed by a series of men (on separate weeks, of course) or performed oral on those who asked for it.

However, this night Sally and I got into a cab pretty fast. As usual we chatted to the driver. Sally got dropped off first — as she lived on the way — and then it was just him and me on our own.

It doesn't matter with cabbies what you've been talking about beforehand as they always get on the subject of sex at that time of night. They must be missing their warm beds, I reckon. But it's not too much of a strain; they do most of the talking and you can just flake out in the back and pretend you're listening.

The guy was quite young and tasty too and he was getting a bit explicit telling me about what he liked girls to do to him and how he liked tit fucking and being sucked off.

Well, when you've been dancing and getting hot in a club, it does make you feel a bit horny when someone's being so vivid. I was getting very wet in the back of the cab. I hadn't been screwed for ages and I was beginning to get the urge very strongly. I knew by this time that my cabbie wouldn't mind unleashing his cock from his trousers to oblige. And no one would ever know about it.

I relaxed back in the cab and let my legs fall open, which as I was wearing a short skirt, he couldn't help noticing. He said something about my legs being open and that he could see my stocking tops and crotch and I said "Does it bother you?"

"Not at all," he said, "In fact I'd say you're definitely attractive."

We carried on talking all the way until we got to my front door. When we got there, we continued chatting and I wanted to make sure he stuck around long enough to give me one.

After a while he switched off the engine and said his night shift was over anyway. He came around and sat in the back with me. My cunt was really wet by now and I was dying to wrap my legs around his back and get his horny cock up me.

He lay down beside me and started kissing me, opening his mouth and sticking his wet tongue into my mouth. It felt all cool and very dribbly. Then he put his hands across my tits and started squeezing.

I knew there wasn't much point in being all lovey dovey — I mean, it was just his cock I was after — so I rubbed my hand over the crotch of his tight jeans. It was all warm and his cock was sticking up hard along the inside of his flies.

When he felt me touching him, he pressed forward to get more pressure on it. Then his hand went down into my knickers and I felt him fingering along my crack before he found my hole and pushed one of his fingers in and out of me. His other hand ran along my stocking tops. It was a bit cramped in the cab for the screw I wanted,

> "My cunt was really wet by now and I was dying to wrap my legs around his back."

► 81

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79 ◄

so I asked him to come into my place for a cup of tea. Of course he didn't need any more persuasion than that.

We got indoors and he was all over me. He put his hands down my blouse and grabbed hold of my firm tits. My skirt was hitched right up to the front, exposing my soaking knickers, suspenders and black fishnets. He knelt down in front of me and first kissed my stomach, then, drawing down my knickers, moved to my pussy. Then he got up again and held me tightly to him, grinding his hard cock against my belly all the time sticking his long, wet tongue into my mouth.

When he eased off a bit he took off my blouse as I stepped out of my skirt. I then reached down and managed to undo his flies. He had a pretty big one, by the feel of it. After that it didn't take him long to get his trousers off and have a look. Once his cock was loose he sat down on a chair and said: "Suck me off."

His legs were open and I scrambled between them. My cunt was getting really excited at the sight of it poling out from between his legs.

It was a very long erection and I didn't think I could take it all in my mouth, so I took as much of it as I could, working my head up and down it. He was gasping and groaning and trying to push my head down on it even more.

> "He knelt down in front of me and first kissed my stomach, then, drawing down my knickers, moved to my pussy."

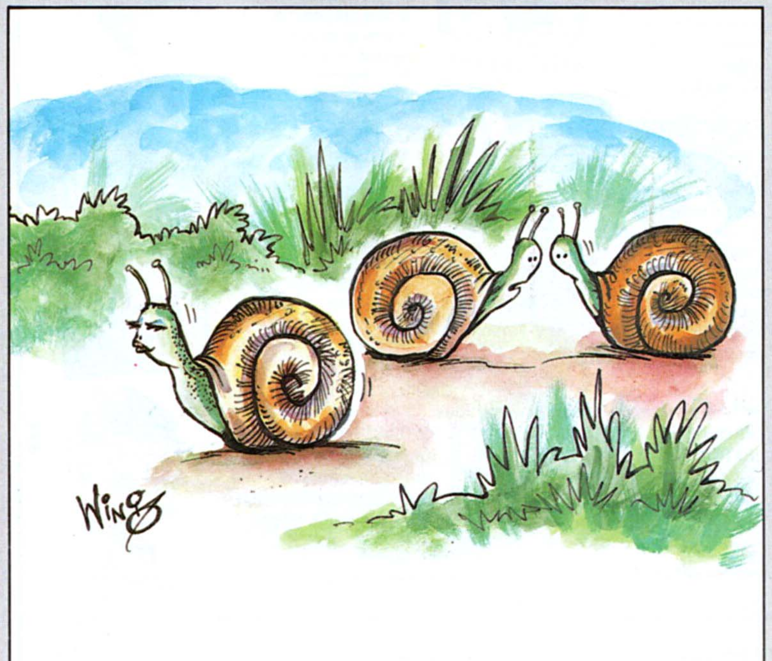
His balls were small and tight up against his body. They looked full and ready to burst, the same as my jaw. I slurped away on his column of red meat making a meal out of it. Raising and lowering my head and mouth onto it I sucked greedily, enticing his spunk to the back of my throat.

After a good five or so minutes of swallowing his cock, I really felt like having it up me, so I stopped sucking and asked him "Aren't you going to fuck me then?"

Well, he definitely liked the idea and the next minute I was on all fours with my bum in the air and him behind me. "You horny little cow," he said as he rubbed the tip of his cock against my wet hole. Then he slid it in and filled me right up full of meaty, hard cock. I could really feel him getting up me and I was getting wetter and wetter all the time. It was gorgeous, he had such a big one that it was really satisfying my cunt, tight as it was. He had hold of my suspended bum and he was really ramming it all up me every time. Then he pulled out of me, grabbed my hair, pulled me round to fuck him and rubbed his cock in my face smearing me with my cunt juices. He hoisted me up and kissed and licked my face clean. Then pushing my head back down made me take his cock in my mouth again. I sucked on it as fast and as hard as I could.

Again, after a while, he pulled his cock out of my mouth and pushed me down onto my back and he got on top of me. He was fucking his cock into me and holding himself up with his hands clutching my tits. He was really getting it up me so good, I couldn't hold back. I felt myself coming with his cock driving up me. I felt full of solid cock, I had a huge orgasm and groaned as it flooded through me. Then it was his turn. Just as I was finishing, he started. He shouted out as he unloaded all his spunk into my belly. He fell on top of

► 105



"Well, if she's not soliciting — what's she moving slow for then?"

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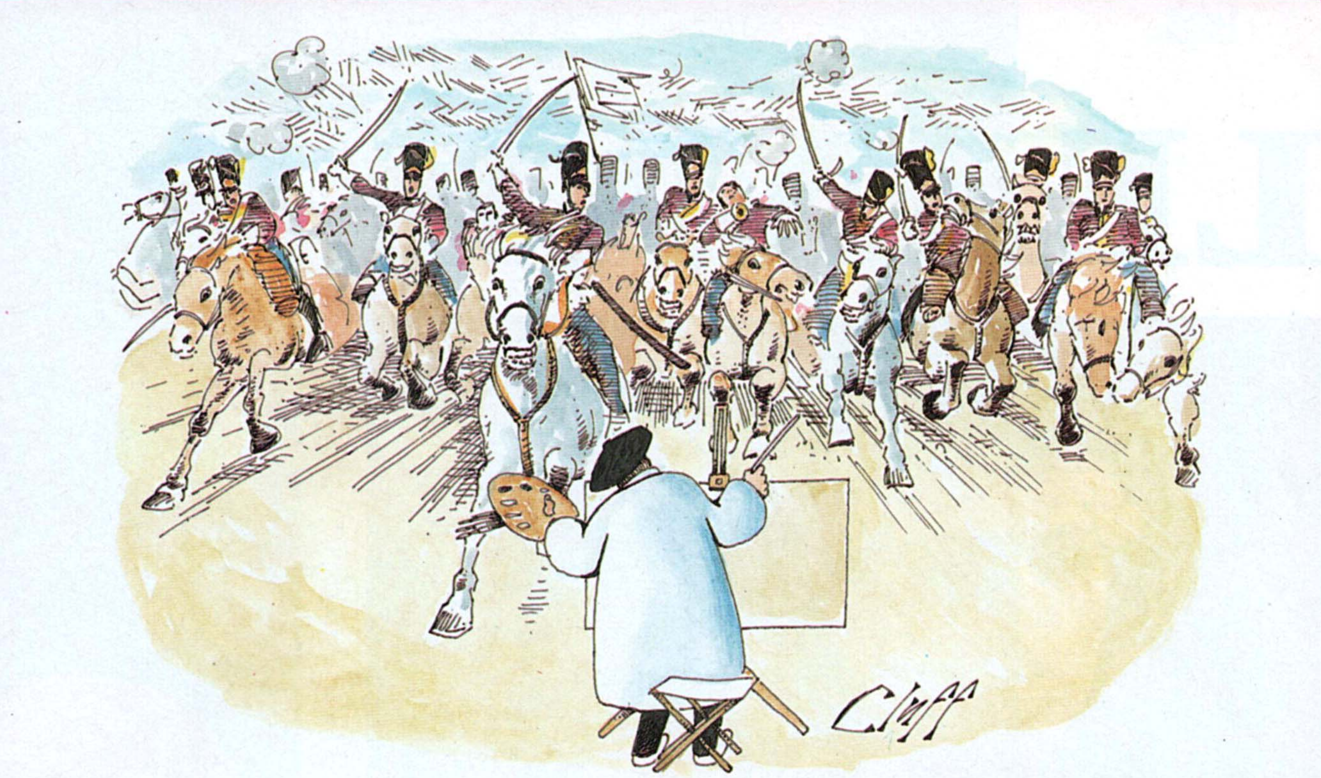
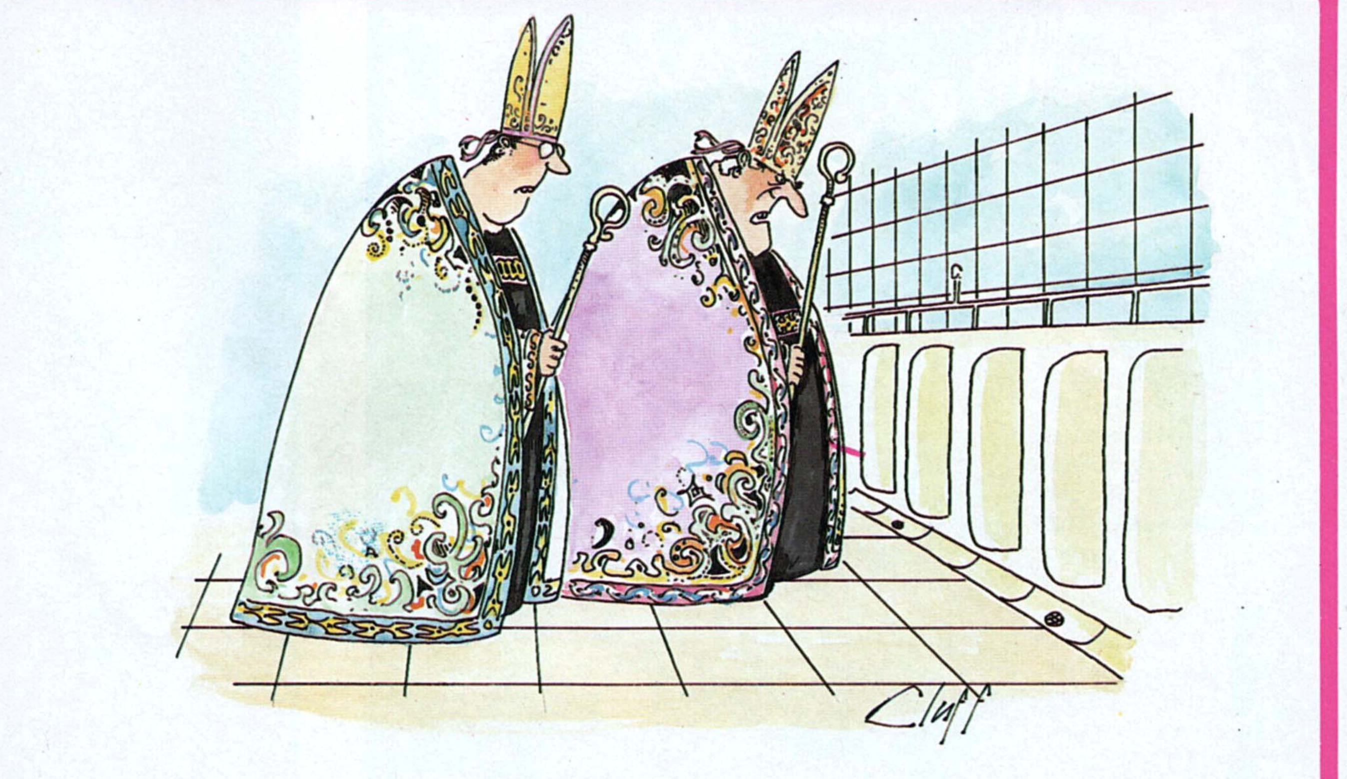


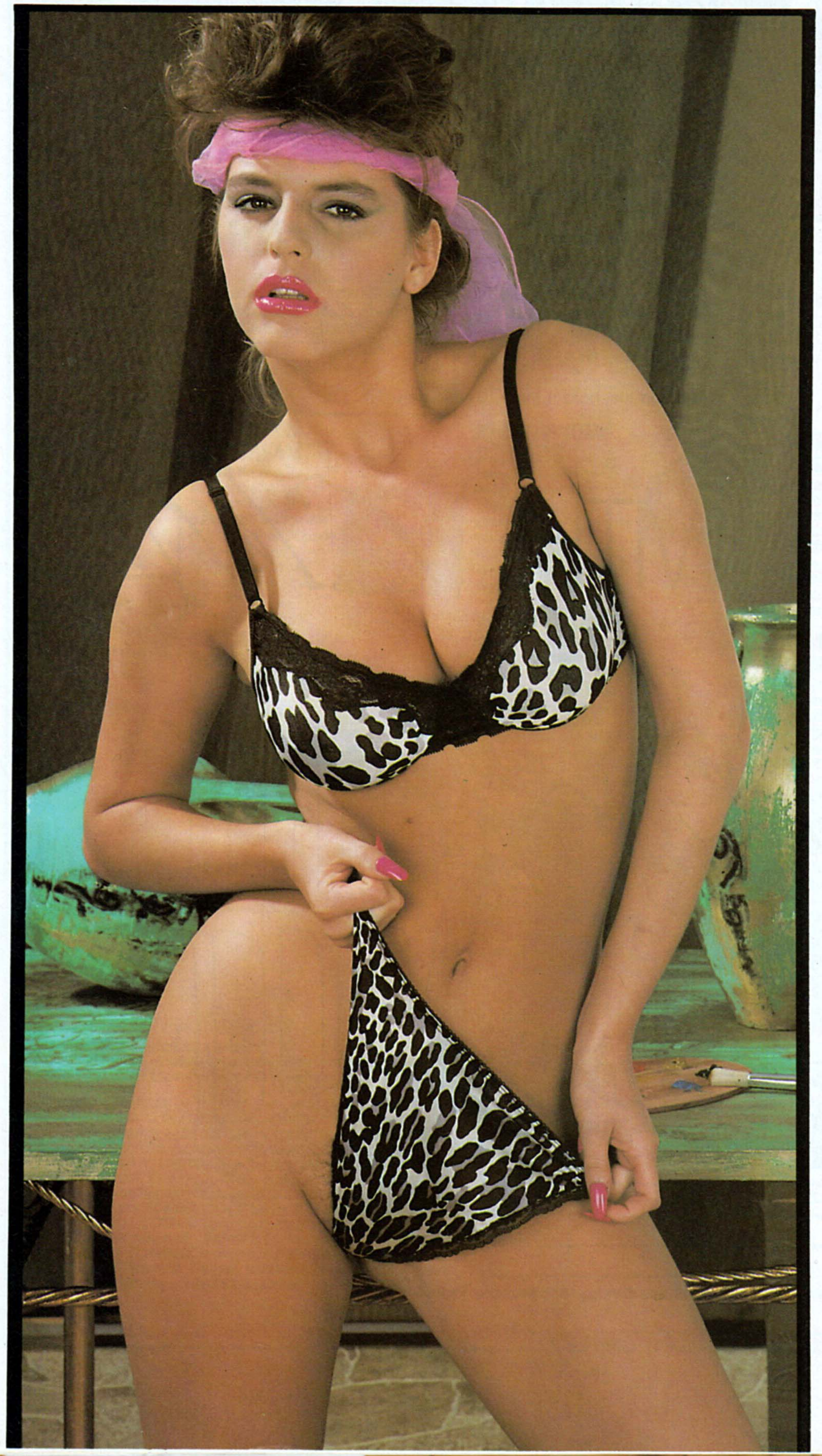
"Now, if you could just hold it there, Gentlemen..."

LAUGH WITH Cliff

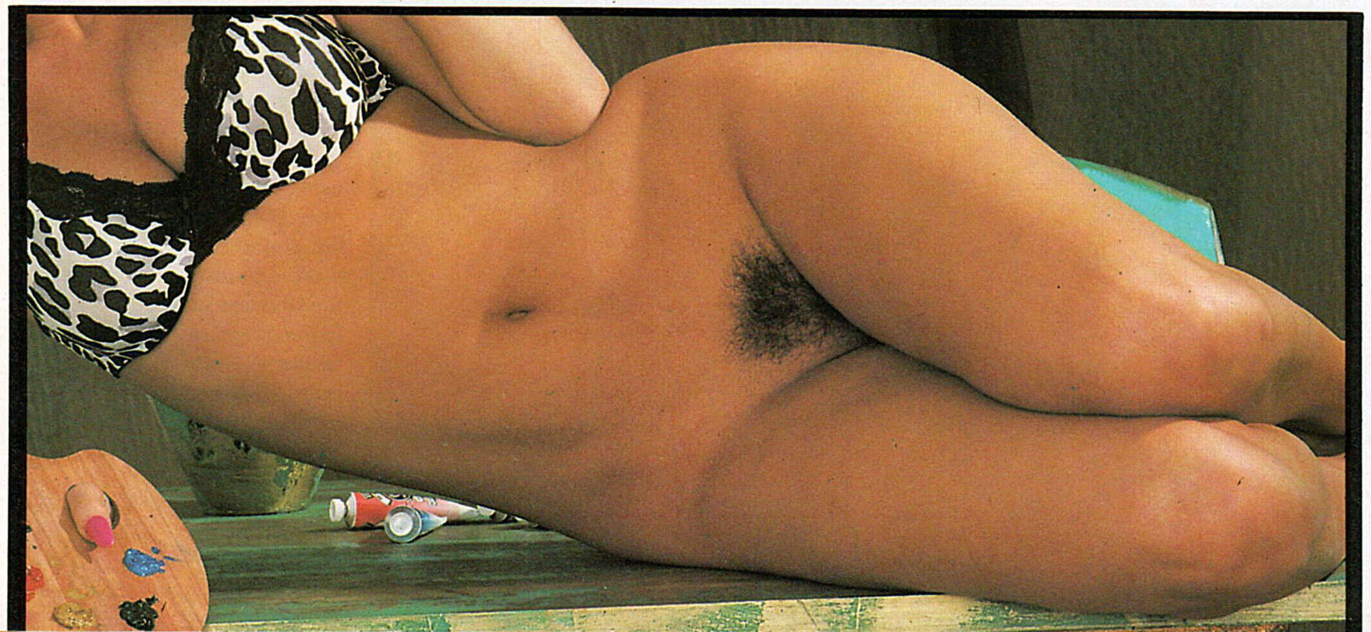


"Bugger these frocks, let's find the ladies!"

LEANNE

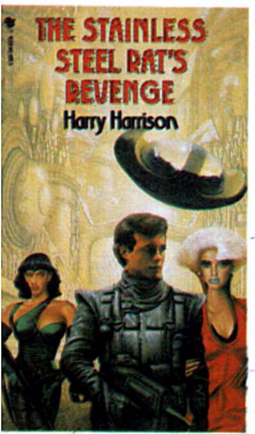


As far as art goes, Leanne is a student of the modern school. You can forget your Renaissance stuff, she prefers David Hockney and Jackson Pollock. But after leaving art college, she found it hard to establish herself as a painter, and so took to modelling, using her body as her own personal canvas, by working out and creating different muscle tones . . . that's what the blurbist said, anyway. I happen to know that Leanne taught El Gutto, the editor, everything he knows about painting by numbers, and he has studied her figures thoroughly . . .



Photographed by Geoff Hayes

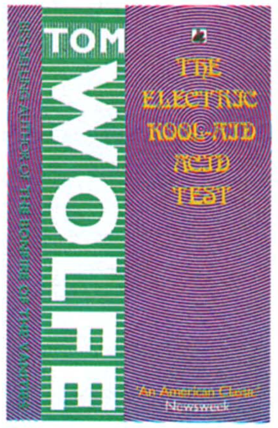
Books



It's incredible to think that the first Stainless Steel Rat story came out in 1957. Since then, of course, Harry Harrison has published more than half a dozen novels featuring James Bolivar diGriz (aka Slippery Jim), and they've never been out of print. Oh to be a tax-exile in Eire!

Available now in a new paperback edition is **The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge** *(Bantam, £2.99)*, a high-speed anarchic whizz through hyper-space to the planet of Cliaand, where Slippery Jim is sent to discover the secrets of this little planet with a neat line in interstellar war and colonization. For a normal human, the odds of finding out what's going on, let alone living to tell the tale, would be impossible. But Slippery Jim has never pretended to be a normal human. With skill, trickery, and just a touch of luck he infiltrates the Cliaand fleet, goes off conquest bound with the invasion fleet, learns what he needs to know, joins a guerilla outfit on Burada, has a weird time of it with his wife, saves the planet and arranges for the Cliaand to reform and live good, productive lives. All in a day's work!

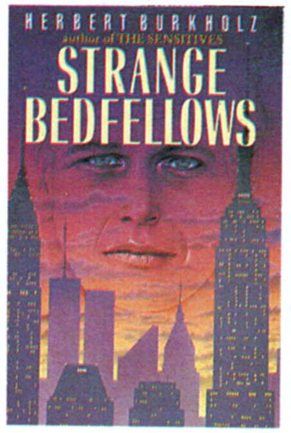
With a name like **The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test** Tom Wolfe was onto a winner. Eleven years after its original publication, you can pick the book up as a *Black Swan* paperback at *£4.95.* The cast is: a freaky journalist covering Ken Kesey's release from prison on drugs charges, his reunion with the Merry Pranksters, a day-glo bus stocked with LSD, Hell's Angels, etc. It was a blast when it was first published. It still is now.


TOM WOLFE
THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST
'An American Classic' Newsweek

David Gemmel writes a good fantasy story. I'm not sure whether you can have alternative mythological histories, but if you can, then that's what you get with **Ghost King** *(Legend, £2.50).* It's set partly in Roman Britain, as the tribes are giving the Romans hell. But it's also set in a shadowy magical realm, where strange and familiar gods and goddesses strut their stuff and live out their fantasies. Tying the two worlds together is a prince, Thuro, who flees when his father is killed, and who is found by a god turned man. Under the tutelage of Culain, Thuro learns how to fight. He embarks on a quest into the mist, in search of his father's magical sword. And, in a strange land with two companions, he grows up, becomes a man, and adopts the name Uther Pendragon before returning back to his own time and land to claim his father's crown. There are plenty of fascinating subplots going on. And the whole lot is neatly tied together, so that the pure fantasy does not seem out of place when read in the context of the historically accurate material.

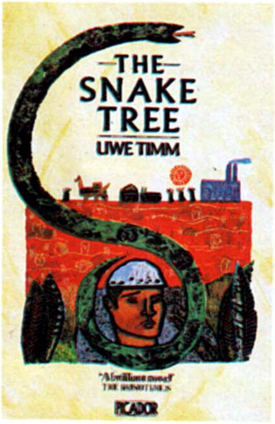
After the graphic novel we get . . . the graphic docudrama. New heights in sophistication with **Messrs. Moore, Sienkiewicz, Brabner and Yeates Brought To Light** *(Titan, £4.95).* The story of drug smuggling, arms deals and dodgy Mafia connections which, shall we say ... call the morality of the American administration into question? This takes over where the Irangate hearings left off. Staggering stuff.

Last year, Herbert Burkholz's *The Sensitive* was published. This year another thriller featuring the same central characters has slipped on to the nation's bookshelves. **Strange Bedfellows** *(Headline, £2.99)* takes up the story of Ben Slade and co. The protagonists are all gifted people working for their country's intelligence services. They have highly developed mental powers and can read the minds of others.

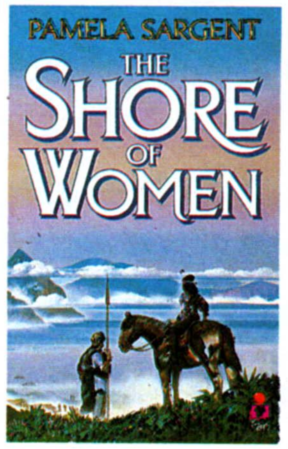


Our hero, Ben Slade, falls in love with a young Russian sensitive, and thereby gets himself involved in a hell of a mess. Gorbachev is on an important diplomatic visit to the USA, where he's going to unveil a plan to promote peace. It's not a popular plan with some other high-ranking Russians. He's attacked. The embassies and intelligence services are so full of agents, double agents and triple agents that no-one can trust anyone anymore – except the sensitives. Gorbachev, and a mix of American and Soviet sensitives take to the streets of New York, to try and preserve the General Secretary's life until he can get to the UN and make his explosive speech. The problem is that the double/treble agents are still on the trail. It's a long night, one in which everyone has to come to terms with themselves, and each other. The plot twists are gripping right up to the end.

Uwe Timm's **The Snake Tree** *(Picador, £4.95)* is what we in the trade refer to as 'a bit of quality, John'. It's the story of a German engineer abroad in a foreign land. The best thing about this book is the way that it builds tension. Just like the protagonist, you can feel the tension build, but you can't quite work out why it's happening . . . horribly engrossing.



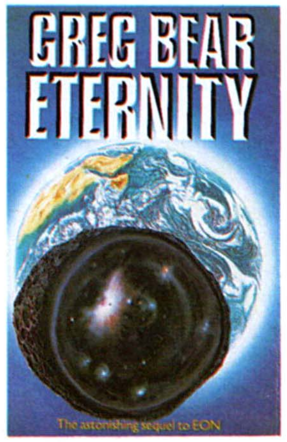
For reasons that are quite beyond me, I haven't yet reviewed Pamela Sargent's **The Shore Of Women** *(Pan, £3.99).* This is unforgiveable, as it's one of the most engrossing, entertaining, and thought provoking books that I've come across for a long time. It's set in a post-holocaust world where only women live in the cities, hermetically sealed from the crude and violent world outside, the place where men live – like the animals they are. The men are only allowed to live for the sperm that they supply, and the genetic variety that they give the gene pool. A neat little religion serves to keep them in their place, and religious wet-dream machines get them to give up their sperm without realizing what's going on.



Things change when a young girl, Birana, and her mother are exiled from the city. The men have never seen real women, but Birana lives on her wits, and pretends that she's the goddess. Eventually, she gets involved with a man – Avril. And as they travel in search of a half-believed in sanctuary, they both have to learn and unlearn everything they've ever been taught about what it means to be human. The psychological and social make-up of human nature are sharply revealed.

The plot is complex, but not contrived. The action carries the story along with a gentle intensity that makes it very difficult to put the book down before you finish – and it's not a short book either. I recommended it to my wife one afternoon, she read it in one sitting – through to five o'clock the following morning.

After the mega-success of Greg Bear's *Eon,*what could he do but bring out a sequel? The sequel is available now. It's called **Eternity** *(Gollancz, £12.95),* and it takes up directly where Eon left off, and it seems to finish satisfactorily – but when time's as flexible as it is in these books, who can rule out a trilogy?



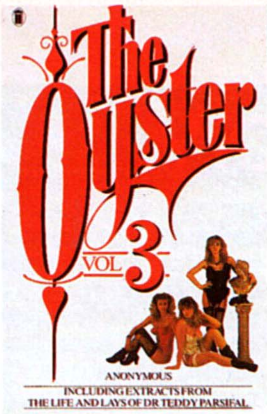
Book Of The Month

Ben Elton made the news last year when it was revealed that his Stark *(Sphere, £3.50; simultaneous hardback edition: Michael Joseph, £11.95)* got a £100,000 advance. The remarkable thing is (especially seeing as this is the judgement of a jealous reviewer who'd have given his eye teeth to write this book first) is that given the state of play vis a vis the strange world of best-sellers, that this book was definitely worth it!

You can tell that it's the voice of the not-so gentle Ben booming out in this eco-comedy-thriller featuring a dying planet, rich bastards looking for an immoral way-out and crazy hippies on the loose. It's funny, well-plotted and not at all like Tom Sharpe (as everyone keeps saying) — it's more akin to Douglas Adams, but it's even more like Ben Elton!

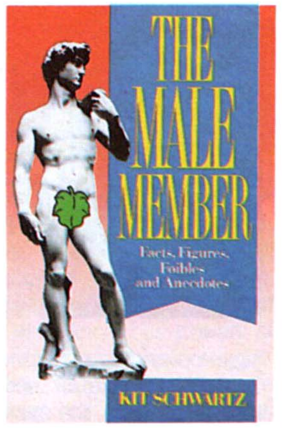
Underlying the humour are some very serious bits about the shit we keep doing to the planet. Right on . . . I only hope it touches a popular nerve. It touched mine and kept me up all bloody night reading the thing.

Charles Warren


The Oyster
VOL. 3
ANONYMOUS
INCLUDING EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND LAYS OF DR TEDDY PARSIFAL

And now for the mucky bits. A brief mention for **The Oyster Vol. 3** *(NEL, £2.50).* The author is ANONYMOUS, and a quick glance through the pages reveals why. It's a sexplicit selection of sexual adventuring, taken from the pages of a mysterious Victorian underground magazine. All human appetites are catered for! It makes Penpower and contemporary smut seem very low key.

Kit Schwartz's **The Male Member** *(Robson Books, £6.95)* was published last year, and it's about . . . dongs! People's dongs, animal's dongs, insect's dongs. Taboos surrounding the use of the dong. How your dong works. Things to make it work better. Dong diseases. The future of the dong. In fact, everything that the subtitle claims: facts, figures, foibles and anecdotes.



Charles Warren

Movies

This has been a great month for movies. *Sweet Hearts Dance* was down as the best Film of the Month since I can remember, and even then *The Accidental Tourist* pipped it at the post. So I suggest you see them both, and give your mind, as well as your gonads a good time.

Sweet Hearts Dance reminded me of *The Four Seasons,* that quiet film that made a surprise hit by playing on the similarities of love and friendship. This follows the lives of two small-town couples through a year or so of ups and downs. The two guys (Jeff Daniels, Don Johnson) stay bosom buddies, though one is the high school head, and the other a down-to-earth hard hat. But with their womenfolk it's on-and-off, hot & cold, blunder-and-grope, till everyone's running around in ever-diminishing circles chasing his or her own tail, as much as anyone else's. Until things slowly unwind. In successive episodes, it touches on the battle of the sexes, buddy love between boys and fathers, getting older, and the whole damn thing. It wonderfully catches the flavour of middle-class life in America, especially the hearty, pseudo macho warmth between men friends, and the almost murderous perfectionism between marriage partners. In *Sweet Hearts Dance* the men seem more childish than their sons, and the women, though sensible, are unrelenting with it. They're wonderfully played by Elizabeth Perkins, of the velvety face and swordfish tongue, and Susan Sarandon, whose saucer eyes bristle gauntly like Bette Davis's.

Which leaves us less space for this month's other good movies than they deserve. In particular, **Nicky And Gino.** Tom Hulce, hav-

ing played Mozart in *Amadeus*, now plays a mentally defective garbage collector in Pittsburgh. Big twists develop because it's his wages which are putting his smart twin brother (Ray Liotta) through medical college. The tale gets a bit melodramatic, but with much good stuff on the way, especially by Todd Graff as 'Snake' Higgens, Hulce's dustcart mate, who tries, disastrously, to put the simple-minded lad on his guard against the world. Jamie Lee Curtis is decoratively there, trying to see fair play all round.

A Cry In The Dark tells the tale of those Dingo Baby Murder trials in Austrailia. Meryl Streep is wonderful as the woman in the dock, keeping calm, cool, clever and brave, while the tabloids bay for blood and her panicky husband blunders in the witness-box.

Now for the just-fun pictures. Top of the list is a cop-actioner, ***Tequila Sunrise.*** It also has a thought provoking gimmick. Mel Gibson does not play the cop. He plays a big-time drug-dealer. But he is still our hero, because he has given it up, having already gotten as rich as he wanted, which is only moderately. But a purist and mean C.I.A. – type sets out to frame him. And his one-time buddy-crook sets out to kill his new-found lady-love, business woman Michelle Pfeiffer. The twists and treacheries come fast and furious. Plus salvos of tough talk, and hardboiled gags. Like, 'No man should be judged for going the way his dick goes. That's like blaming a compass for pointing North.'

In ***My Stepmother Is An Alien,*** Dan Aykroyd is an absent-minded astronomer, whose twelve-year-old daughter looks after him, until his inter-galactic signal brings Kim Basinger down from Outer Space to see what these retarded Earthmen are up to. She's got super-powers like a Witch of Eastwick, but like E.T. she's lost in a world she never made. I especially liked the Embarrassment scenes, where, brainy as she is, she gets everything about Earth social life wildly wrong, like at the party buffet, where she confuses carrots with cigarettes.

As for ***Fright Night II,*** the title says it all. If you're a teeny-weeny-bopper with fangorial tendencies, this should be just your cup of blood. The vampires come in diverse sub-species, to please all tastes. Julie Carmen certainly pleased mine. There's also a Michael Jackson-type vampire, an Arnold Schwarzenegger-type vampire, a werewolf-ape-type vampire, and a vampire that I can only decribe as a pterodactyl with acid indigestion.

Ghost Chasers is about young movie-makers, whose horror scenario boomerangs when their SFX dummy gets taken over by spirits. Good ones, but the others aren't far away, like the empty suit of black armour with laser-rays and dry-ice-mists emerging from it. Good fun for older kidz, 8-14ish.

Eddie Hartley

Movie
Of The Month

The Trends are a-changing. *The Accidental Tourist* crystalises several, perfectly. William Hurt is the shy, grey-flannel writer caught between two strong-minded women: Kathleen Turner as his impeccable but hypercritical wife, and Geena Davis as a beautiful dog-trainer from the blue-collar classes. Did I say blue collar? When he first claps eyes on her, she's wearing pointy red shoes, white lace ankle-socks, a puffy and frilly dress like a smoky rainbow, and tubular plastic finger-nails. Between this bad taste apparition and his battleship spouse, our hero's choice generates as much suspense as that earlier thriller success of its director, *Body Heat,* also starring Hurt and Turner. Only here, the people are everyday and real and there's no heavy. And sweltering sex is nothing to do with it, because both women are sexually highly competent.

Everybody has good and bad qualities, vulnerabilities, children, and family responsibilities, so whatever our hero chooses is going to be risky and unfair to somebody. Just like real life. So it's not melodrama, but mellow drama, sad and amusing at the same time. Like its thirty-something's view of matrimony and family, as a mixture of comfort, servitude, and moral grandeur. It touches on many modern topics like the New Celibacy, responsible males versus post-feminist females, weary men and forward women, good and bad taste as class barriers, the different ways in which single parent and old-fashioned families create victims without meaning to.

Dramatic suspense apart, here's plenty of food for thought. Especially see it with someone you're near to marriage or divorce with. Talking the film over afterwards should clinch it one way or the other.

Eddie Hartley.

Videos

There's a homicidal nutter on the loose again! When two New York muggers are rounded up on suspicion of murdering a young woman, Detective McCrae finds it hard to believe either of these half-pint miscreants could possibly have left the giant fingermarks on her broken neck. They say they saw an enormous uniformed member of New York's finest commit the deed – hence the title of ***Maniac Cop*** *(Medusa).*

While reports of the killer cop begin to grow in number, the commissioner (ol' Shaft himself, Richard Roundtree) decides the story should be hushed up. Feeling that the pattern of crimes points to insider information, McCrae suspects that it really is a cop involved, and not an impersonator throwing him off the scent, so he leaks the news to a TV reporter.

But the ruse backfires, as jittery citizens treat every cop as a potential killer, shooting first and asking questions later. The case must be cleared up, and the department breathes a sigh of relief as they take into custody a tall young officer whose wife is the latest victim.

McCrae's not so sure though, and clues begin to point to Matt Cordell, a gigantic trigger-happy cop sent to Sing Sing for violation of rights some years before. The trouble is, Cordell died after being carved to pieces by fellow inmates. Or did he? McCrae takes an assisted nosedive from a high window before he can find out, and the incarcerated young cop and his plainclothes girlfriend are next on the list . . .

An occasionally stilted, but highly watchable thriller, with a suitably frightening, and apparently indestructible maniac, not to mention more than its share of corpses. Check this one out at your local video library, but while you're at it enter Knave's *Maniac Cop* competition on page 6 and win yourself a copy.

Also back on the loose are the spooks who want someone to lead them 'to the light' in ***Poltergeist III*** *(MGM/UA).*

POLTERGEIST III

Little Carol Anne (Heather O'Rourke) has moved in with her Uncle Bruce, Aunt Pat, and teenage cousin Donna at their apartment in Bruce's upmarket skyscraper complex in Chicago, away from those far from blithe spirits. All is not entirely well with the new building, though. Why have the mirrors cracked by the lift buttons on every single floor? Why is the heating system making the residents even colder than if they were out of doors? Teething troubles, says Bruce. Carol Anne knows better.

There are 'people' moving around in the reflection world of all the mirrors, and to begin with only our young heroine can see them. Her sceptical therapist can explain away all sorts of weird happenings, by convincing himself that Carol Anne has powers of mass post-hypnotic suggestion, but the nasties are there, all right. They've followed the kid across the USA, they want her, and God help anyone who gets in their way.

This 15-rated horror is far from the scariest thing you'll ever see, falling a trifle flat on the fear factor. On the positive side, the special effects with mirrors (and I understand none of it was done with matte screen technology) have to be seen to be believed. Technically, a very high class enterprise indeed.

Tom Skerritt plays Bruce in what sadly turned out to be the last project for young Heather O'Rourke, who died around the end of shooting.

There's another new independent video distributor out in the marketplace, in the shape of the publisher *Collins* and if all their product matches the standards of ***Vietnam: War Story*** (or was that War Story: Vietnam?), then this reviewer won't mind a bit.

This is not an expensive Vietnam blockbuster, (it's a Home Box Office made-for-cable production) and neither is it packed with action. Rather, *War Story* is something of an antidote to the usual pyrotechnic gung-ho, fictionalising three real-life recollections of the war in approximately half-hour segments.

In *The Pass,* a combat-

Video
Of The Month

If you harbour a nostalgic yen for those stirring military/historical numbers of the late thirties, where Lancers hold out against all odds on the Northwest fronties, or the Light Brigade pop their clogs as cannon volley and thunder, then you may well enjoy *The Light Horsemen* (*Medusa*) as much as I did.

This expensively staged tale follows composite (based on real) characters of Australia's Light Horse mounted infantry in their First World War desert campaign, culminating in history's last mass mounted charge.

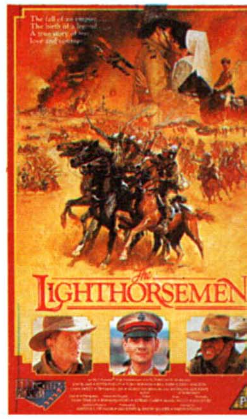
A suburban new recruit finds himself thrown in with outback type Gallipoli veterans, but finds he can't kill. After a spell in hospital as a casualty (where true love blossoms with his nurse), he transfers to the regiment's ambulance corps.

All our heroes play their part when a desperate last-ditch effort is needed to capture Beersheba. The Light Horse — who the Germans and Turks expect to dismount and fight on foot — break into a cavalry charge in the face of artillery, machine guns and entrenched troops.

Brilliantly realised, this is a kind of *Anzacs* on horseback, and I challenge you to control your adrenalin and the lump in your throat when the charge breaks out. Look out for Antony Andrews as an eccentric British intelligence officer, and Bill Kerr (*Hancock's Half Hour*) as an Aussie General.

Triffic!

Martyn Lester



fatigued soldier in a brother/bar decides he's going AWOL and refuses to leave the premises. His non-combatant new drinking buddy stays to try and talk him out of it, but as curfew time comes and goes it becomes the Vietcong's turn to use the brothel, and the two GIs must spend the night hiding under the bar counter. *The Mine* sees a surly marine standing on an anti-personnel device, unable to move until an explosives team can be brought in to defuse it. Standing out in the sun for hours holding an M60 heavy machine gun, the soldier becomes delirious with heat stroke, and begins to relive a past nightmarish engagement, which reveals to his platoon comrades just why he refuses to make any friends.

To round off this month's column, the only up-to-date information on sell-through once again comes from *CBS/Fox*, whose May schedule should please Gene Hackman fans in offering *The Poseidon Adventure, Target,* and Gene as Popeye Doyle in *The French Connection* parts I and II. Each of these titles comes in at under a tenner, and is available down your local High Street round about now.

Martyn Lester

Records

Hot on the heels of *Watermark*, comes the eponymous **Enya** *(BBC)*. Well, perhaps hot on the heels is a touch misleading. This one actually precedes the Orinoco Flow package, being recorded in 1986 as a soundtrack album for The Celts TV series. As a prequel it's interesting, because it shows you how rapidly she's developed her totally distinctive style. But there's more to it than curiosity value, it stands very strongly on its own merits.

Richness and simplicity are the hallmarks of this effort. The almost understated piano on 'Portrait', for instance is enchanting, in the most magical sense of the word. The Celtic names given to some of the tracks also help to foster the otherwordly quality that permeates the whole thing.

From one distinctive style to another. Even as I write, there's some heavily infectious R&B belting out of my speakers courtesy of The Purple Helmets with ***Ride Again*** *(New Rose)*, which is, ironically enough, their first album. The Purple Helmets is the slightly dodgy name for the Stranglers' J.J. Burnel, Dave Greenfield and Alex Gifford plus Manny Elias from Tears For Fears and The Vibrators' John Ellis. 'Includes All The Hits' it says on the sleeve . . . it certainly does. These live covers (recorded in one ninety minute stretch), include gems like 'Woolly Bully' (brilliantly done), 'Don't Bring Me Down', 'Can't Explain', 'Keep On Running', 'Tobacco Road', 'Not Fade Away'. Similar in feel to Bowie's *Pinups*, with which it has a couple of tracks in common, except that the sound is rawer. It's enough to set anyone's shoulders shrugging and fingers tapping.

the Purple Helmets
RIDE AGAIN

Robbie Nevil sure is one groovy funkster, as some of my younger acquaintances might say. ***A Place Like This*** *(EMI Manhattan)* is the funky platter in question, an easy fusion of jazzy soul and commercial pop. Faultless production, and some outstanding musicianship can be found here, (Billy Childs' piano on 'Here I Go Again', and the ebullient percussion on 'Holding On' for example). Robbie Nevil's all right. As well as a string of songwriting credits for Lou Rawls, Alison Moyet and Earth Wind And Fire, he's got a guitar, long hair, leather jacket and an ear for a good tune . . . what else could anyone want out of life?

Real Country Soul . . . Scarce As Hen's Teeth is enigmatic as a subtitle and as such is something I'd be inclined to linger over. ***The Very Best Of Joe Tex*** *(Charly)* is the full title. And it's a superb amalgam of country, gospel and R&B. It snarls, growls and boogies along irresistibly. It's easy to see why Joe Tex was lumped along with James Brown, Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett back in the Sixties. Tex's first hit, the 1964 'Hold What You've Got', opens up side one of this double album, which covers examples of his work with Atlantic's Dial label from 1964 through to 1972. There's a high percentage of real quality music on this collection.

THE VERY BEST OF
JOE TEX
Real Country Soul . . . Scarce as Hen's Teeth

It was nine years ago that Bob Marley died of cancer. But there's never been any shortage of his material in the shops since then. One such – ***One Love/Roots Vol 2*** *(Blue Moon)* – contains a stimulating selection of goodies including 'One Love', which reached number five in the 1984 UK charts, plus earlier tracks such as 'Soul Rebel'. The CD version lovingly shoved into my player gave a playing time of thirty five minutes, so it could have had more shoved on it. But what is there is groovy stuff indeed, and I ain't complaining.

ONE LOVE / ROOTS VOL. 2
Bob Marley

Danish foursome (who sound more and more like a Californian or Australian AOR/HM outfit) Fate's follow-up to *A Matter Of Attitude* is the delicately titled ***Cruisin' For A Bruisin'*** *(EMI)* a solid, commercial if unadventurous, slice of honest guitar-based rock music. Despite the departure of founder member Hank Sherman, and the addition of a couple of new musos, the sound is tight and together. Good looking dudes, with a nice line in corporate logos and some good hooks, they could well catch on and do some damage to the charts.

FATE
CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN'

If you equate playing time with good value, Hawkwind's ***The Text Of Festival*** *(Thunderbolt)* CD is good news, clocking in a respectable seventy minutes worth (vinyl version must be a double album, I'd guess). Its live vibes were recorded between 1970 and 1972 and comprise such *In Search Of Space* gems as 'Master Of The Universe' and 'Shouldn't Do That', along with other Ladbroke Grove/ Notting Hill long-hair anthems like 'Paranoia'. Line-up of the time is reported to be: Dave Brock, Nik Turner, Huw Lloyd, Dik Mik, Dave Anderson and Terry Ollis. But the personnel are only half the story. This is the stuff of which legends are made. Turn up the volume until your ears bleed.

HAWKWIND
THE TEXT OF FESTIVAL
Hawkwind Live 1970-2

Throwing Muses' third album ***Hunkpapa*** *(4AD)* features some weird and exhilarating rhythms, disturbing melodies and trauma-inducing lyric images. Needless to say, I liked it. This is immediately accessible weirdness, Kristin Hersh is one mean vocalist/writer. The band is tight and punchy, like a dangerous version of The Bangles, or a serious Siouxsie. Sexy, gutsy, hypnotic and leaves you wanting more.

throwing muses
hunkpapa

Johnny Kidd may have died twenty three years ago, but The Pirates didn't die with him, as their resurgence during the punk years proved – not bad for a group that started out in 1959! Of the original powerhouse only Mick Green remains, and his guitar work hasn't mellowed with age. He's been joined by Johny Gustafson (vocals and bass) and one-time Wing's drummer, Geoff Britton. There's life in the old sea-dogs yet. ***Still Shakin'*** *(Thunderbolt)* is a collection of rock 'n' roll which should appeal to old rockers, as well as younger devotees of three-piece high energy and plenty of decibels. Get nostalgic to 'All By Myself' and 'Shakin' All Over'. One's almost tempted to say something along the lines of – let the good times roll!

The Pirates

Motorvation *(Mercury)* is the name of the gig. Ben Elton's the guy shooting his mouth off. Much of this album will be familiar to Friday Night Live viewers, but with the F word let lose. Sharp and savage satire on the sleazy scumbag sensationalism of the tits, tripe and trivia of the tabloid press. Little bit of politics thrown in there, love it! Nice one, Ben. And some trenchant observations on the nature of life are thrown in for good measure – like the horrors of what lurks in the average fridge. And the utter fear that accompanies us into a public bog: can you crap while you know someone's listening in the next cubicle? What lengths will you go to hold your jobbies in until the coast is clear? Crucial stuff. I especially liked the bit about getting your kids pissed so as they'll eat their vegetables up without any argument.

ben elton
MOTORVATION

Andy Oldfield

If you think Steve Earle is just another hip country singer – think again. His third LP ***Copperhead Road*** *(MCA)* places Stevie up alongside the likes of Bob Seger and Tom Petty: first division American rock and roll singers who don't forget their country heritage. It's a more mature and cohesive set than the previous album, *Exit Zero*; with only the sugary closing song, 'Nothing But A Child' seeming out of place. Top tracks for me are the title song and 'Johnny Come Lately', featuring The Pogues, which earned plenty of airplay late last year. Well recommended.

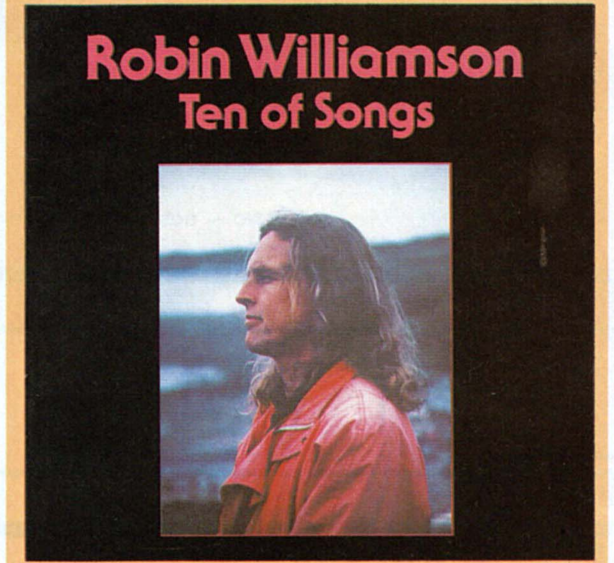
STEVE EARLE
COPPERHEAD ROAD

Dan Seals is a refugee from the seventies duo Seals and Crofts, who were huge in the States with their middle-of-the-road laid-back rock. He's 'gone country' now; and ***Rage On*** *(Capitol)* is a pleasant and lively, but somewhat forgettable collection of songs. Good but not great, by any means.

DAN SEALS
RAGE ON

Rupert Metcalf

Record Of The Month

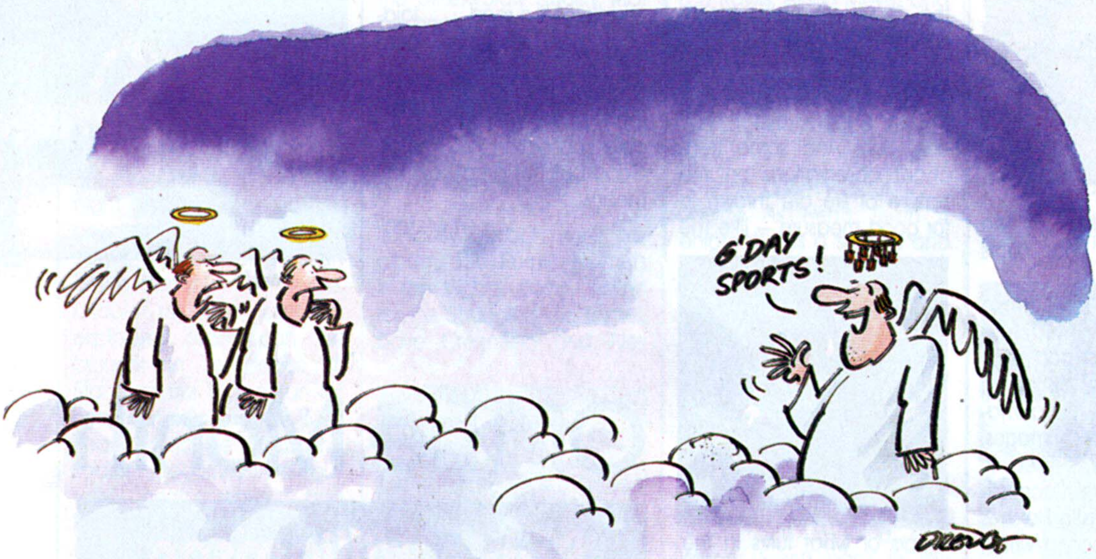


As soon as Robin Williamson's ***Ten Of Songs*** *(Plant Life)* came tumbling into my eager grasp, I knew that I was onto a good thing. Late of The Incredible String Band — epic Glaswegian hippie folk-rockers, yeah — he can be relied on to come up with the goods. And he has.

I'm glad I got the CD version. With it's crystal clarity and dizzyingly brilliant stereo seperation, it's going to survive the many playings it's deservedly going to get. The lack of background noise really does justice to the magnificient guitar work, (electric and acoustic) and the other assorted esoteric folky instrumentation like harp, whistle and cittern (a Tyrolean zither, according to my dictionary). Elaine Morgan's backing vocals are an unobtrusive, strengthening factor.

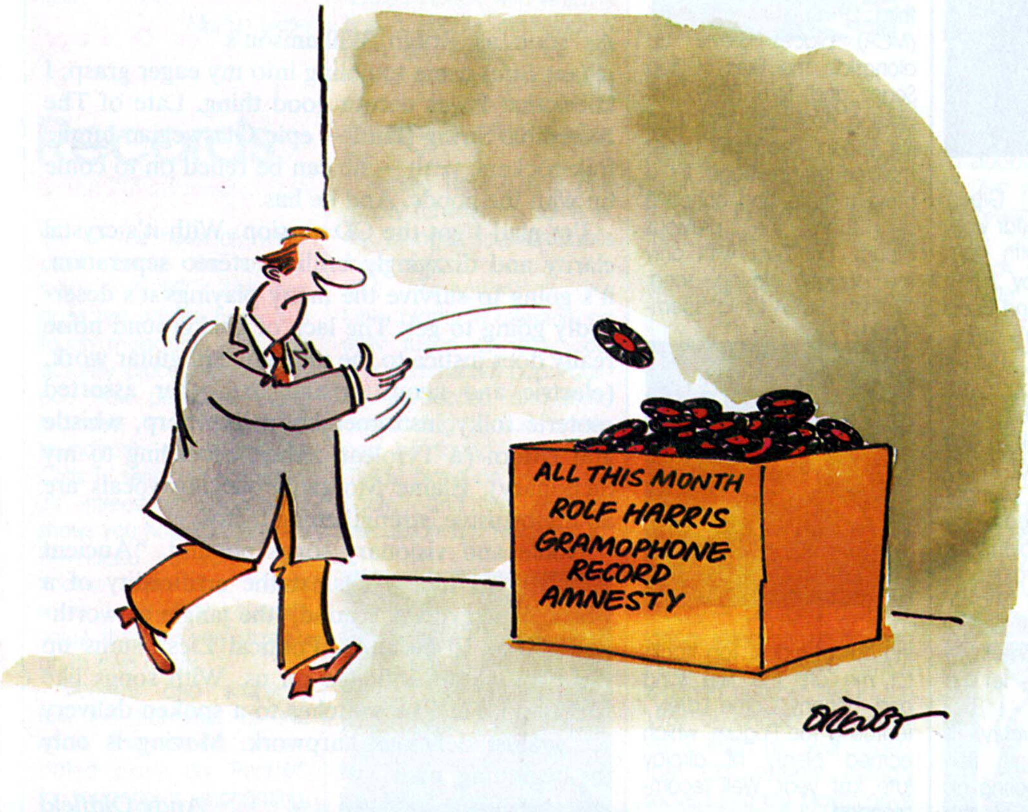
Noble and visionary songs abound. "Ancient Song" is an outcry against the artificiality of a world that revolves around, 'the jangle of worthless coins'. Elsewhere, "Political Lies" sums up the crap we get inflicted on us. With songs like "Scotland Yet", he switches to a spoken delivery set against delicious harpwork. Moving is only the beginning, man.

Andy Oldfield


G'DAY SPORTS!

"Oh No — not another bleedin' Australian!"

LAUGH WITH


ALL THIS MONTH
ROLF HARRIS
GRAMOPHONE
RECORD
AMNESTY

AMATEUR MODEL of the MONTH

☆ ☆ ☆

Introducing the Knave 'Search For A Star' – the 1989 Amateur Model Competition! The lovely lady you see here is our Amateur Model for this month – selected from amongst the many snap shots of hopeful models sent to Knave! Right now we're looking for our 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year – with a £750 prize for the lucky winner! Find out more on the last page of this feature...

☆ ☆ ☆

Denise Harris

Photograped by James Freeman

"Where the hell have you been hiding her?" shouted a certain El Gutto, the gross Editor of this fine organ, when he saw the following set of Denise Harris, this month's Amateur Model. To be honest, I really don't know. I suppose that Gutto doesn't visit London — Denise's home town — that often. Prior to being slobbered over by our esteemed, obese Editor in this, her debut, Denise was a secretary for a large legal firm. I must say, I wouldn't mind coming into contact with her briefs.

RIC

AMATEUR MODELS!

WIN £750!

THE KNAVE 'SEARCH FOR A STAR' 1989!

Wanted – the 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year! No experience necessary! We're looking for a girl who has not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine to be the cover girl of the 1989 Knave Amateur Model Special Issue! Send us three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. The competition closes on July 1, 1989, when we will be selecting from amongst the entrants the winner of the 1989 Amateur Model Competition!

The winner will receive a tempting top prize of £750, and will be our guest at our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the lucky winner look her best!

The night before the photo session at our studio, our lucky winner and her husband or boyfriend will enjoy dinner, bed and breakfast at a top local hotel. Also, the lucky photographer who sends in the snapshots of our Competition Winner/Amateur Model Special cover girl will win a top quality Minolta 35mm. camera!

As we've mentioned, the Competition Winner will be the cover girl of the third Knave Amateur Model Special Issue, to be published in November 1989, and will appear in the centre-pages photo set in the Special. We'll also be selecting an unlimited number of second prize winners in this year's Amateur Model Competition, who will all be invited to our studio for modelling sessions for the Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave! They will all receive a modelling fee of £200; and whoever sends in their photographs will receive a fee of £25.

There's more! We'll be choosing some third prize winners too! We will also be publishing in the Amateur Model Special a selection of the photographs sent in for our Amateur Model Competition – so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave – and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

Remember – the Competition closes on July 1, 1989 – so grab a camera and get snapping! A career in glamour modelling could begin right here!

To: Knave A.M.C., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Model's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Date of Birth ....

Signature ....

Photographer's Name ....

Address ....

....

Daytime Tel. No. ....

Signature ....

Date photos taken ....

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81 ◄

PENPOWER

me, totally exhausted. I fancied a bit more of this later but he said he had to get back to his wife. What a bastard! Still, if that's what his wife got I wouldn't have minded being in her shoes. — *Helen, Staffs.*

Happy Nude Year

I read your New year rag (Vol. 21 No. 1) and am not at all sure what to make about your new year prediction piece *(Me neither — Ed.)*, but I know exactly what to make of Shivani. She really is beautiful, isn't she? — *F.S., Nottingham.*

Why do you think we keep inviting her back? — Ed.

Moving Pictures

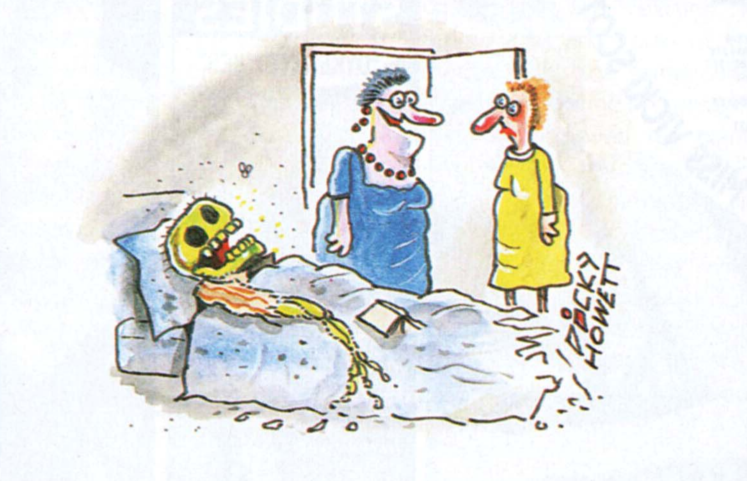
I recently visited a sex cinema in London, and while the film was not particularly erotic, the action which took place in the cinema itself certainly made up for it.

Shortly after I had entered, a couple came in and sat in the row opposite to me, where I had a good view of them. After a bit, I could see that they were kissing and the man was fondling his companion's tits. I knew that an exhibitionistic scene was on the cards, so I went to the toilet, and came back and sat next to the man, where I could see everything. He had her blouse open, and the man in the seat next to her — a perfect stranger — was playing with her tits.

The split skirt she wore revealed her suspenders and stockings, which the man beside me was rubbing his hand against. He moved his hand up as though to touch her fanny, which I suppose he could get at, as I don't think she was wearing any knickers, though I couldn't see properly.

This went on for some time, while all the men in the surrounding seats were fully aware of what was happening. This seemed to turn the couple on, as they were obviously the exhibitionist type. It wasn't long before the girl's hand strayed toward the mens' crotches, but before she could relieve them, they all got up to leave. Including the bloke who got to feel her up. Lucky Devil! — *J.L., London.*

Certainly beats the Hell out of Film 89! — Ed.



"He's been no trouble at all since his operation."

Big John

Over the years, I have followed your film writer Tony Crawley from publication to publication and was, therefore, interested to read his piece in Knave Vol. 20 No. 9 about big John Holmes. It is difficult to know where to start when talking about Mr Holmes, as new facts keep (or, should I say, kept) coming to light during his life. To wit — just what is, or was, the truth?

I must have had a sheltered upbringing because at first when I heard of him and then saw him in action; I thought what a wonderful life. Being surrounded by naked girls and getting paid to go to bed with them! But after having read your articles, I now know the truth was even more incredible than I could ever have imagined. — *M.P., Leighton Buzzard.*

Bodice Ripper

Every month I buy your magazine for my man who at the moment is unable to purchase his own copy. I get him various magazines including yours and have taken to reading Knave before I post it to him.

I am 35 and waiting patiently for him to come home to me. We haven't known each other long but by weekly letters we are getting to know each other. We do not have secrets from each other and when we were having a late night conversation about each other the subject of our first sexual experience arose.

When I told him mine he said I should write to you and tell you about it. So here goes.

I was 18 and at University in Switzerland staying with an

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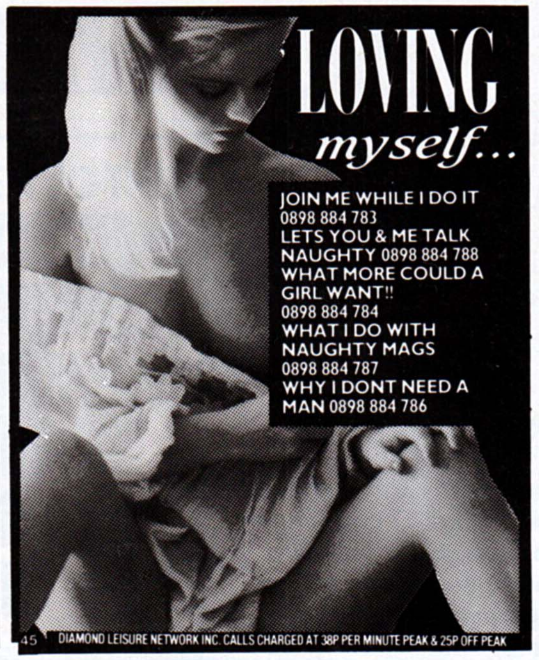
STAND ON ME PLEASE 0836 402 204
DIAMOND LEISURE NETWORK INC. CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK



LOVING myself...
JOIN ME WHILE I DO IT 0898 884 783
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TASTY TALK
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CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 243
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DEMANDING EXTRAS 0898 884 261
I LIKE IT NICE & STIFF 0898 884 245
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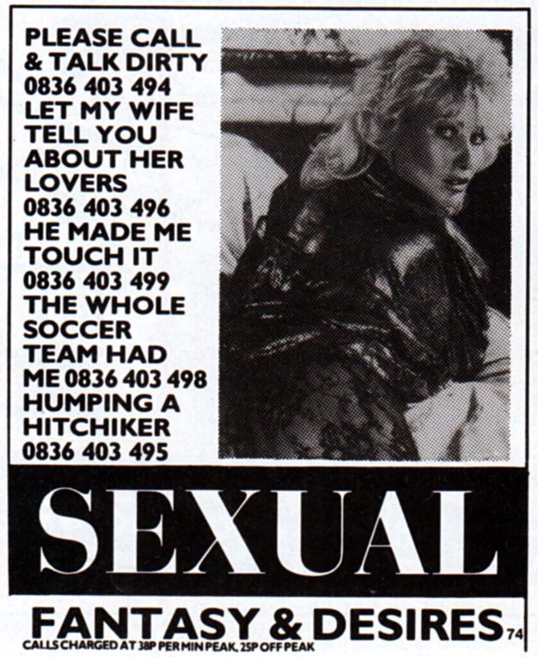

PLEASE CALL & TALK DIRTY 0836 403 494
LET MY WIFE TELL YOU ABOUT HER LOVERS 0836 403 496
HE MADE ME TOUCH IT 0836 403 499
THE WHOLE SOCCER TEAM HAD ME 0836 403 498
HUMPING A HITCHIKER 0836 403 495
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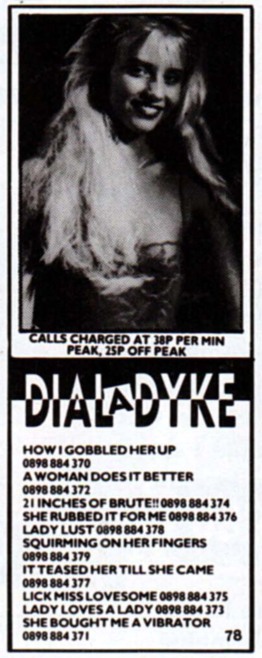
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MIN PEAK, 25P OFF PEAK



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DIAL A DYKE
HOW I GOBBLED HER UP 0898 884 370
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21 INCHES OF BRUTE!! 0898 884 374
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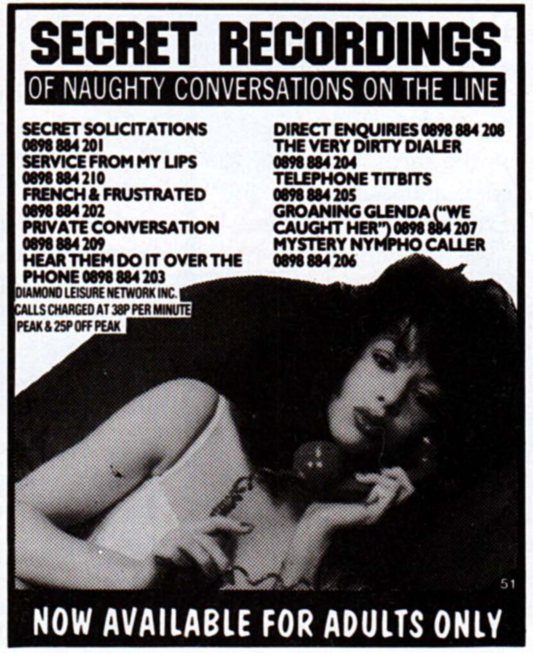

SECRET RECORDINGS
OF NAUGHTY CONVERSATIONS ON THE LINE
SECRET SOLICITATIONS 0898 884 201
SERVICE FROM MY LIPS 0898 884 210
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DIAMOND LEISURE NETWORK INC.
CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK
51
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105 ◄

aunt and working in her hotel bar in the evenings to earn a little extra money.

She had a friend whose name was Victor. He was in his mid 40s very good looking and a perfect gentleman. Over the weeks I got to know him and his son who was 18, very well. Peter was blonde like his dad and had deep blue eyes, like Victor he was polite and kind but very shy.

> "I slowly parted my thighs as his hand slipped between my legs. He parted the closed lips of my pussy . . ."

One Friday over supper Victor told my aunt that Peter was going to a college dance and, if possible, with her permission would like to take me. As it finished late and he would be taking us and bringing us back it would be a good idea for me to stay the weekend. She agreed and, after getting a special dress on Saturday afternoon and spending hours soaking in a hot bath, Victor arrived at 6.00 to pick me up. We went to the house to get Peter only to find he wasn't too well and couldn't go. Victor saw how disappointed I was and to make up asked if we could go out for dinner instead. I had never been out with a man for dinner and said it would be a wonderful idea.

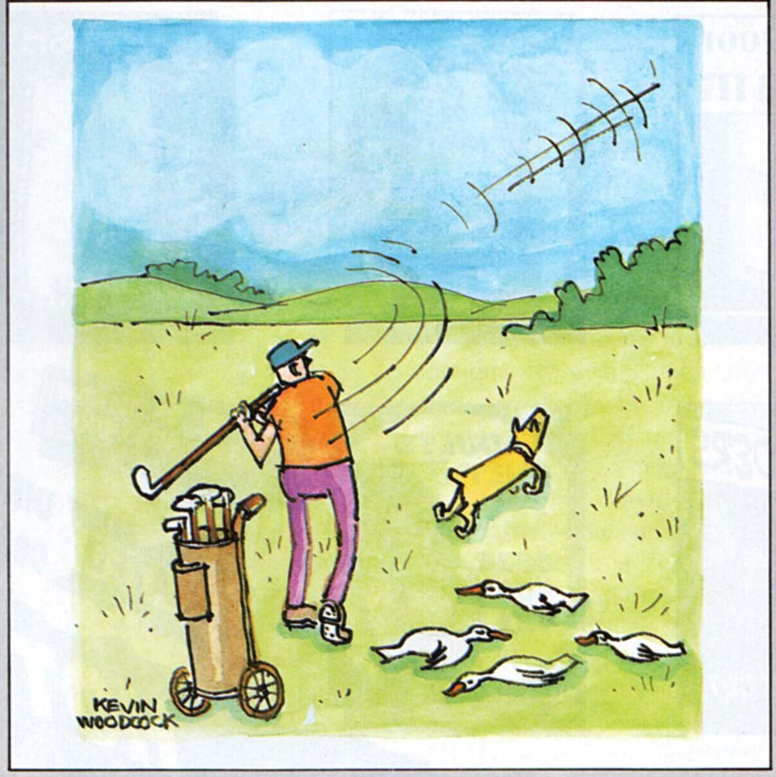
We had a great meal at a cosy restaurant and arrived back at the house just after 10.00. Peter had gone to bed to get rid of his forthcoming cold and Victor and I sat in front of the fire and shared a bottle of wine. We talked, he stroked my hair and my face, then he gently kissed me. I jumped up and went into the kitchen. Victor followed and apologised, I told him it was okay. It was just that I was a virgin and had no idea what to do or how to act. He took me in his arms and said it was okay, he understood and would never do anything to hurt me, he would house me where the spare room was. I went into my room, he said goodnight and went to his room. I sat on the bed, my head going round and round. I put on my night-dress and went down the hall, the light under Victor's door went off. I quietly knocked on his door and went in.

"Please Victor, will you take me, hold me and teach me all I need to know about being a woman?" He got out of bed, wearing only pyjama bottoms and came over to me, "Only if that's what you want".

"I do," I replied. He scooped me up and then lay me on the bed. "First you must know about your own body." With that he stroked my face, gently kissed my lips, darting his tongue in and out of my mouth. I did the same, whatever he did to me I returned to him. He removed my nightie and cupped my breasts. He started to suck my nipples and then gently squeezed them with his teeth, paying careful attention to both equally.

All the time his hands were slowly moving down my body. His fingers gently teased my dark curly pubes, I was dying for his fingers to explore deep inside me. I slowly parted my thighs as his hand slipped between my legs. He parted the closed lips of my pussy with such care and found a spot I knew was longing to be teased. It made me jump as he stroked and caressed. All the time I could feel my juices seeping on to his fingers up to our kissing lips. "Taste the sweetness of your love, its beautiful", he licked the tips of his fingers. I tasted it, it was sweet and warm I had never tasted anything like it before.

"One of life's little pleasures is to drink the nectar of a woman's love," he said, kissing



► 109

LUST LINES!
UNCENSORED SEXUAL FANTASIES

READY & WILLING
0836 · 402 · 404

0836 400 129
LESBIAN FUN
JUST LISTEN!

0836 400 121
TALKIN BLUE

0836 402 338
TOYS FOR THE BOYS

UP THE SKIRT
0836 402 337

Bumper
BOOBS
0836 400 135

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XXX Gina

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0836 402 324

TEASE!
0836 402 311

NAUGHTY NIGHT Nurses!
0836 402 344

SWINGING SISTERS
0836 400 118

Back Door Ma'am
0836 400 146

...Husband abroad. Call me now!! 0836 400 155

DANISH PILLOW TALK
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LOOSE ENDS
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107 ◄

my body as he slowly knelt between my legs. He moved the lips of my pussy apart with his hands and lowered his mouth, darting his tongue in and out, up and down. I couldn't control myself any longer and felt all my juice flow as I climaxed like I had never done before. He felt me come and sucked until I felt it ebb away. "You are so sweet, it is a pleasure to give you the joy of sex feelings."

> "I rolled down his pyjamas and took my first look at a man's prick."

I wanted it to never stop. He lay next to me touching my nipples while I got my breath back. I wanted to do the same for him. I kissed his face, his neck, then I moved down slowly and sucked on his nipples, my hands moved down past his pyjama top and then I found his tool. Kneeling beside him I rolled down his pyjamas and took my first look at a man's prick. It was huge, 8" long and so thick that it looked as though it would never fit inside me. It was so hard and so big it made me jump.

"Do not be afraid, it will not hurt you." He took my hands in his and showed me how to slowly move them up and down. When I did this I saw a small drop of juice came to the top. I bent forward and tasted it. It was warm, salty but delicious.

As I pulled back his folds further the wide end became more prominent. I caressed and stroked his beautiful balls. All the time I could feel myself throbbing between my legs, my pussy was wetter than ever, Victor's fingers were teasing and pleasing me all over again.

I didn't want Victor to take my virginity, I wanted to give it to him. I told him so, "That's beautiful baby, slowly and carefully, take it as you want it."

With that I sat astride but down a way from his powerful rod. "Take it in your hands, take it into you and became a woman." He propped himself up a little so as to guide me.

Slowly and without hurt I took that stiff mass into my pussy, I was tight and no matter how much juice had flowed from me I could feel every part. Now and then I caught my breath as I felt him go deeper into me. I came to rest with all of it inside. He slowly started to rock me, I felt him twitch and buck inside. I wanted to go faster but he kept me at a speed that I could enjoy every movement. Then it happened, my first full sexual climax with a man deep inside me. I felt my insides squeeze so tight that at that moment he felt me come, he spoke to me. "Take it, take it all, enjoy the power of your body."

I moved faster and took more and more till at last I collapsed on top of him, panting. He rolled me onto my back, his rod was still hard and firm but wet and glistening in the light. I took it in my hands and licked greedily at the end. "Now it is my turn to give you the power of a man's pride." He lay me down and knelt between my legs, once again he licked and kissed my pussy but this time he darted his tongue in and out as in my mouth. It was a wonderful feeling, he put my legs over his shoulders so to drink me deeper, I felt myself coming to another climax. "Now Victor, now, I am going to explode, come with me."

> "My pussy was wetter than ever, Victor's fingers were teasing and pleasing me all over again."

With that he lurched forward and pressed deep into me. I wasn't ready for that much so fast. With my legs up so high he seemed to go deeper than ever. I gasped at the force with which he buried himself into me but soon with all my wetness he began to slide in and out, faster and faster to a point where I climaxed with such force that I cried out and dug my nails into his shoulders. "Go on baby, take it, take it all," I said as I felt him buck into a climax I wasn't expecting.

His juice flowed with such force, hot and deep filling me with such power even he cried out. He rolled off me and slowly withdrew what was left of his magnificent rod, his face was covered in sweat which I kissed and licked — it tasted sweet.

He held me close. "Now you can love the world, but never forget not only to please but to please yourself." He caressed my whole body which was alive with his touch. Before too long he was showing me everything about making love, caressing, kissing, teasing, and enjoying. It was wonderful I don't know how many times I came.

Even to this day my favourite position is to take Tony in my hands and slowly sink my pussy down onto his tool until he is helpless and buried deep within me. I ride him slowly at first, then faster until at last he explodes within me. I climax so easily like that and he squeezes my nipples hard. I never want him to stop.

Maybe one day I will let him write his story, you will have to wait and see. — *Jean, Leicester.*

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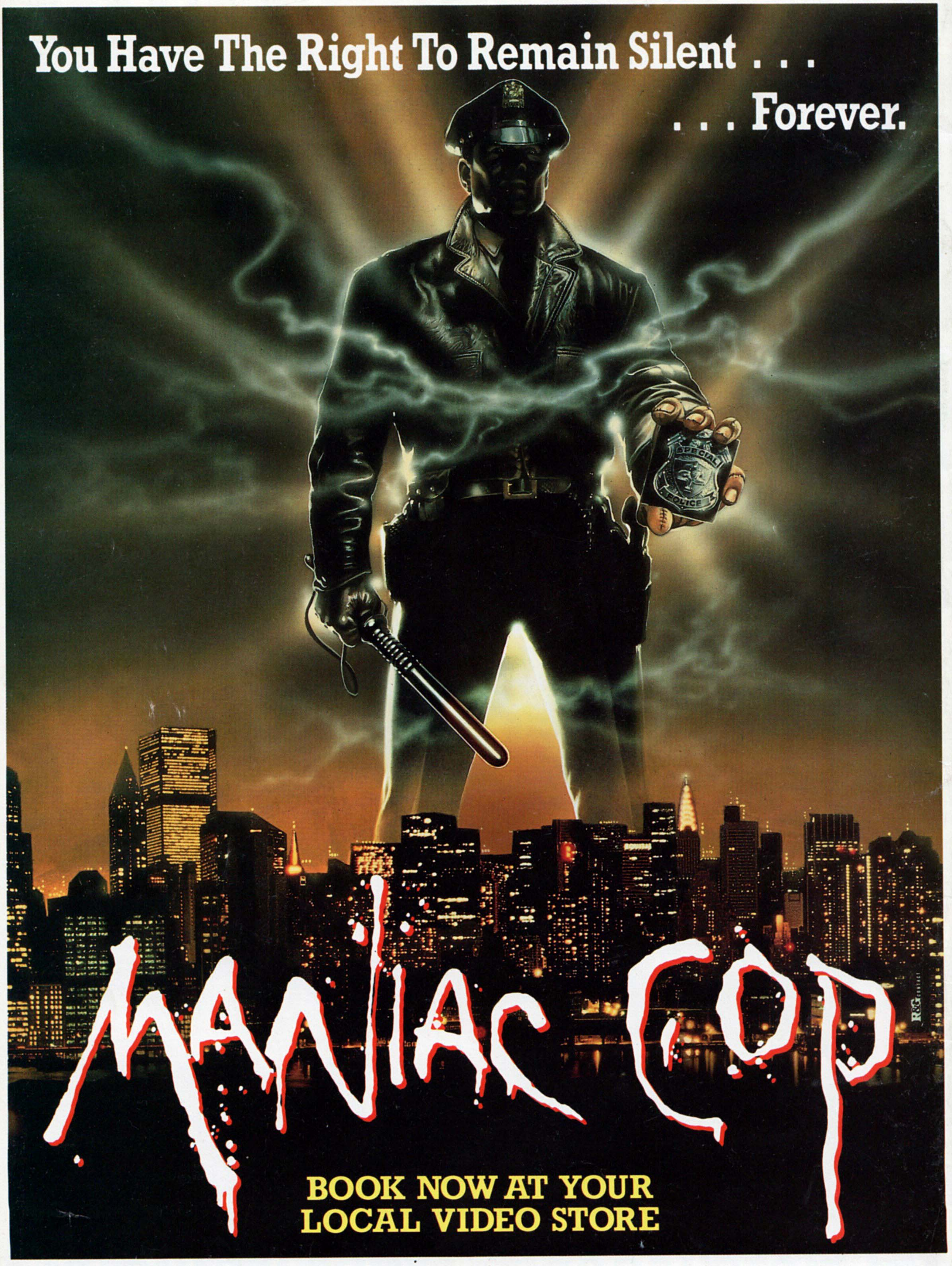
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